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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ—Edward Albee's occasionally arresting adaptation of the Carson McCullers novelette. Long on gloom but short on clarity. Colleen Dewhurst, Michael Dunn, and Lou Antonio, however, are fine in the leading roles. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are highly diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CASE OF LIBEL—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER—Enid Bagnold's comedy, which concerns itself with a seventy-year-old actress, widely celebrated, who decides that she can do without familial responsibilities at three score and ten. While the play isn't particularly dramatic, there are some superior performances by Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING—All kinds of youthful English types having a hard time in an R.A.F. boot camp. Arnold Wesker wrote the play, which may be amorphous but does have a dramatic moment or two. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

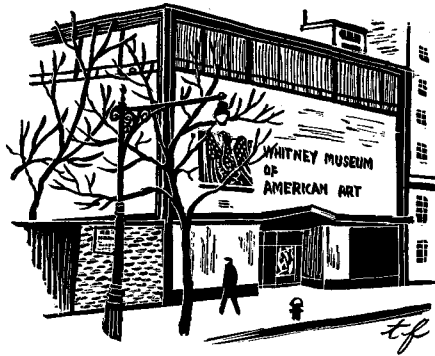
DYLAN—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LUTHER—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer wars and all. John Heffernan has succeeded Albert Finney in the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinees Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

MARATHON '33—There can be no doubt that this endeavor by June Havoc gives a fairly accurate appraisal of the non-stop dance contests of the depression, but there can be no doubt, either, that such an appraisal doesn't make for much in the way of entertainment. Julie Harris is valiant as the sinewy heroine. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and is ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 2.)

THE PRIVATE EAR and THE PUBLIC EYE—Two care-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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free exercises by the English playwright Peter Shaffer. The first is rather a nuisance, and the second fairly witty. The acting, by a small cast, is uniformly commendable. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964: A new edition of the show, fortified with fresh material and performed by Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

ENTER LAUGHING: A play concerned with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor. Alan Arkin is the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are also in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MARY, MARY: An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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NEVER TOO LATE: A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO SUPPER—Old-fashioned schmalz, about a Middle European grand duke and a doxy from Milwaukee, which has the benefit of a couple of stimulating performances by Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson. The book is no great shakes, but once in a while the lyrics and music, by Noël Coward, have a little get-up-and-go. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—Carol Channing romping happily through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HERE'S LOVE—Santa Claus, Macy's v.s. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 IN THE SHADE—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Zero Mostel and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING: The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLIVER! The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF: Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Joel Grey in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 1.)

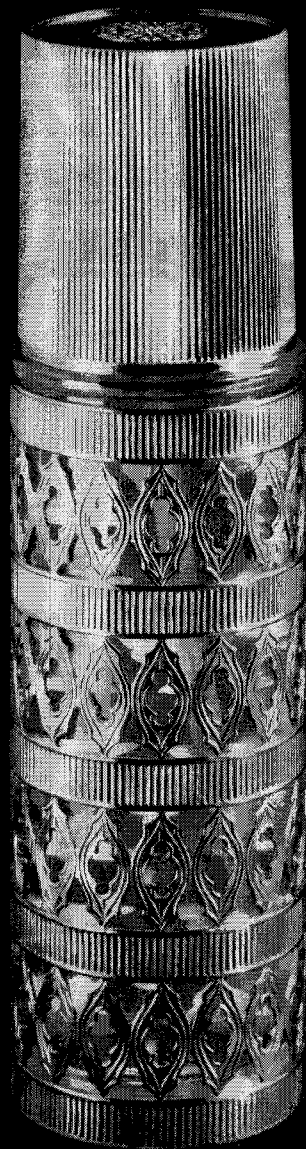
OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

HABIMAH—The National Theatre of Israel will present a seven-week engagement of three plays, starting with S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," which will open Monday, Feb. 3, and run through Sunday, Feb. 23. Earphones

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will provide a simultaneous English translation. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ABRAHAM COCHRANE—Bill Travers, Ann Harding, and Nancy Wickwire in a play by John Sherry. Directed by Henry Butler, and produced by Walter Fried and Helen Jacobson. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 5. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

RUCANTINO—A Roman musical, with an English translation by Alfred Drake and Edward Eager projected above the actors' heads. Nino Manfredi, Ornella Vanoni, and Aldo Fabrizi are in the cast. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen and Jack Hylton. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 6. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts. The play is several cuts below Mr. Miller's best work, but it serves to introduce this repertory company, which is a most talented group. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CITY CENTER—A two-week return engagement of Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons," with William Roderick, Bruce Gordon, and Albert Dekker. Directed by Noel Willman and produced by Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BRIG—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CABIN IN THE SKY—Rosetta LeNoire in a revival of the Lynn Root-Vernon Duke-John La Touche 1940 musical. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CARETAKER—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. Opens Thursday, Jan. 30. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which

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the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JERICO-JIM CROW—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

A LOVELY LIGHT—Dorothy Stickney in a return engagement of the one-woman show that she adapted from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—A revival of Moss Hart's and George S. Kaufman's play. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PLAY AND THE LOVER—"The Lover," Harold Pinter's comedy, is part parody but mostly his own deadpan and very funny joke about an

English suburban couple who spend their afternoons in the ritualistic seduction of each other. In "Play," by Samuel Beckett, three corpses in urns reminisce about their late triangular affair for approximately ten cloudy minutes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Graef (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TELEMACHUS CLAY—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE THEATRE OF PERETZ—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

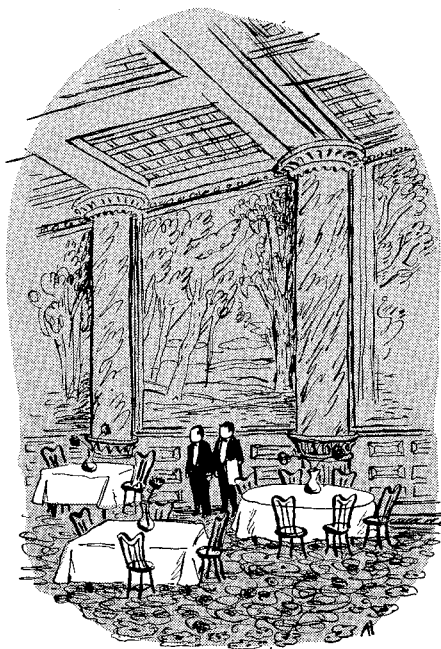
TOO MUCH JOHNSON—John McMartin gives an amusing performance as a plausible liar and short-range planner in this revival of William Gillette's farce. Burt Shevelove, who is both adapter and director, has filled the production with pranks, most of them merry but some just tiresome. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2:40. May close Feb. 2.)

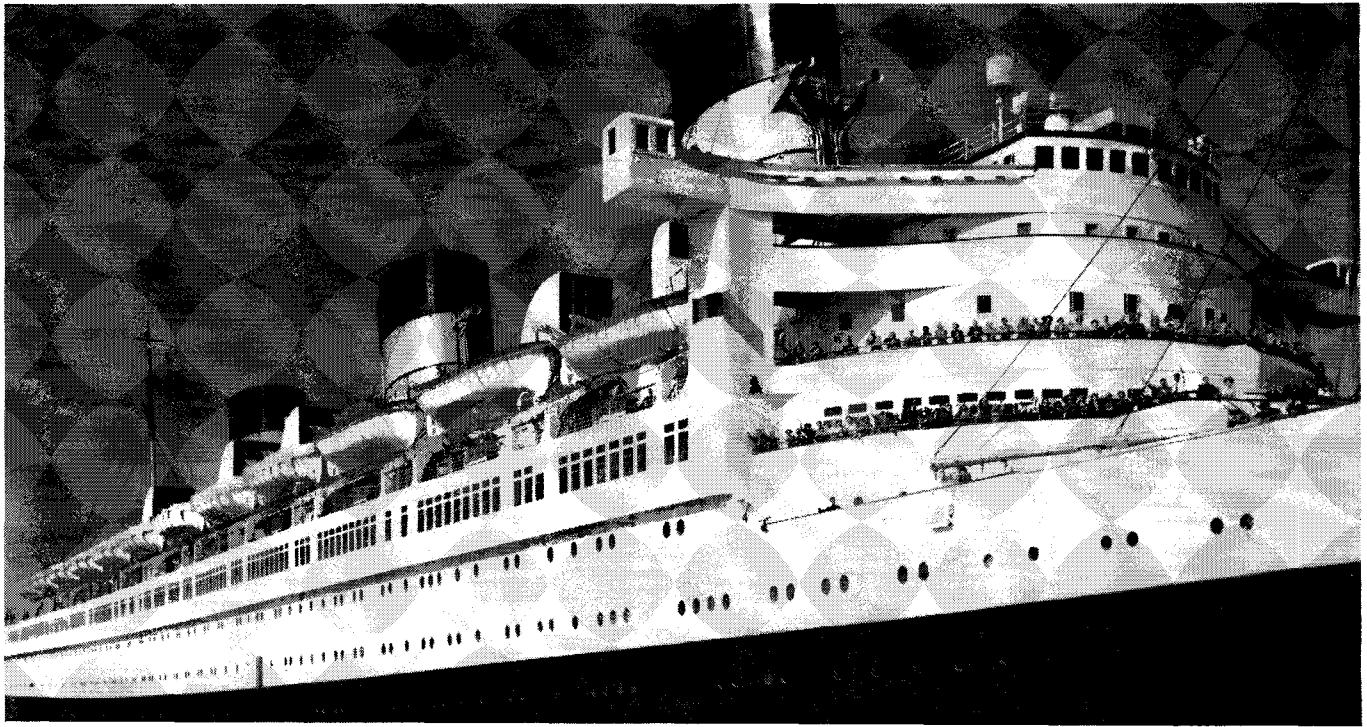
THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TRUMPETS OF THE LORD—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

OLÉ OLÉ—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—A company of eighty, plus the National Ballet Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JOSEPHINE BAKER—With her company of dancers and drummers, plus an orchestra. Presented by Sherman S. Krellberg for a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Feb. 4, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Pearl Bailey, whose songs succinctly express her cheerful intention not to put up with anything at all, departs on Saturday, Feb. 1. On Monday, Feb. 3, Ella Fitzgerald arrives, along with Roy Eldridge's quartet, to put her special finishing touches on balladry and bop. The great ladies appear at dinner and supper; dance music goes on the rest of the time. The scene is the Royal Box. Closed Sundays.

DELMONICO's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is now surmounted by a pulpit in which Charles Turecamo's set of dance musicians goes tinkle-tinkle from nine to one. Dickson Hughes arrives at five-thirty to chivy the pulpit's piano; at seven-thirty a crew of Cuban guitarists and crooners starts circulating, and at ten they adjourn to the pulpit to help out the Turecamos. Absolutely no musical chairs on Sundays, though.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A by no means secret society for the preservation of what used to be called society. The music to go with it comes from the orchestra of Freddie Jagels, who thoroughly understands the medium, and Freddy Alonso's rumba band. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music and Renato Rossini, a grand hand with a guitar, lends an air of nobility. Mr. R. lays off Mondays, but the band plays on.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Juliet Prowse, a versatile girl who's equally at home with non-dancing, non-singing, and non-conversing, goes her nonpareil way from the Persian Room on Tuesday, Feb. 4. Next evening's arrival is Dorothy Loudon, a real fun-loving Rover Girl, whose tumultuous autobiography is illustrated with many a wry song, many a wry aside. Twice nightly is the routine for the ladies; on and on is the routine for Mark Monte's fireflies and Emil Coleman's tireless Trojans, who do the dance music. Closed Sundays. ... Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. ... After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender), in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's violin suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's band is swarming in the Maisonette. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. ... La Boite, a

dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

SHEPHERDS, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—This memorial to the late caravansary in Cairo is done in miniature and considerable glory; that is, it's in essence a little Shepherds of Kingdom Come. The effervescent dance music, which simultaneously combines the efforts of phonograph and trio, begins at eight and never stops, and one's favorite Maugham character is certain to appear before curfew. Peter Larkin's stage set is among the season's best pleasantries.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Once again, the tripping in the Embassy Club is light and fantastic, for dancing has been restored there, now to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Oscar Brown, Jr., poet, philosopher, humorist, singer (who does well on this four-way split), and Nancy Wilson, whose arias are pressurized at about twelve thousand feet, are the amusement in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. The whole evening is the range of the two dance bands—a Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's regiment. On Monday, Feb. 3, Mr. B. and Miss W. will be succeeded by Enzo Stuarti, whose whole vocal life is one grand return to Sorrento. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. ... **BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave. at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then Scarpa meets doom, during dinner and supper. Aldo Bruschi, *régisseur* of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size band. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and ten. No music Sundays. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Baronial is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Closed Sundays. ... **ARCHIE's**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): Beneath a glorious turn-of-the-century chandelier, Hugh Shannon (home again from Paris, London, and the Lake of Como) is doing piano and ballads (the jauntiest of which are almost coeval with the chandelier) in the sturdy, cheering voice we've all missed for three years now. Michael Burr is his bassist; the Downeys, of Downey's Eighth Avenue pub, are the entrepreneurs. Ten to bedtime is Mr. Shannon's gamut; Sundays are his vacations. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrol-

man on this beat. He is absent Sundays.

... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays.

... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays.

... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays.

... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man.

... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so benign that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. No music Sundays.

... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reestablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the calm but calorific flamenco guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez, from eight to one. No music Mondays.

... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with a jazz threesome, or just to tablehop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty.

... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination.

... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James would have slept, dined, and wine in this ancestral pile; he might, too, have been amused by the soulful organ music (five-thirty to seven, and again after the theatre) in the bar. No music Sundays.

... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. An instrumental group has a quiet but good time in one corner, and on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in; there's a sliver of dance floor, too. Closed Sundays.

... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer's featherduster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays.

... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 70th St. (RH 4-0382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice, all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemingly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays.

... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West do meet. After ten-thirty, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. Closed Mondays.

... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion.

... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop plays her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League hollow oak.

... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays.

... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, whose piano makes the transition from Rodgers and Hart to Debussy with ease, is on duty (cocktails until



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eleven) in a state apartment of Napoleonic splendor. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Diamond Fair," the Latin Quarter's winter carnival, contains, among its several pageants, a British strawberry festival whose youth and beauty (all of them girls) would make the most innocent Shropshire lad leave home forever. These lovely creatures are arrayed onstage by Alec Shanks, an old British strawberry-festival man, and set to dancing by Donald Saddler, our own choreographer. There's also Bobby Breen, the quondam baby prodigy of the American screen, and his stint of vaudeville. Dancing for the customers, too... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Nobility and nobility walk hand in hand as Miriam Makeba declaims songs from the French, the American, and the African in a voice for which night life at the moment can offer no equal; Stan Getz blows pretty bubbles for a quartet in which Jimmy Raney's guitar and Chuck Israel's bass are important; Bill Cosby works hard (almost too hard) at being a funnyman. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, pulls the smoothest of velvet gloves over the mailed fist with which it emphasizes the world's shortcomings, but the impact is there. In response to the merry music invented by William Roy and the merry choreography invented by Frank Wagner, the players—among them Gerry Matthews, Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, and Delphi Harrington—rise to great heights. The orchestra is the pianos of Mr. Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughn Meader, whose conversation pieces are so droll that at times one suspects he must be talking to the Walrus and the Carpenter, disappears on Sunday, Feb. 2, and so does Fredricka Weber, a taffy-haired spitfire whose manner implies that the open season for trysting is twelve months long. One night later, in comes Woody Allen, whose reminiscences of an urchin's life in Brooklyn and on campus are lightly streaked with madness and maybe even greatness. The entertainment begins right after dinner and goes on through supper... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Open Season at Second City," the most recent revue to occur here, is wispy and nebulous now and then, but it's all worth a visit, and, besides, any opus that contains Severn Darden and Barbara Harris can't be at all bad. Tom O'Horgan is sole composer and sole musician. The revue happens Tuesdays through Fridays at nine and eleven-thirty; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at nine... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of splendid flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tae dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing... Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue now in residence, gets off the mark slowly, but at the half-mile pole it's moving at full speed toward a rousing finish. Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, and MacIntyre Dixon are the principals of the skillful cast; Jane Alexander and Richard Libertini are their loyal support; David Shepherd is the mentor. They all set to at nine-fifteen and midnight.

Closed Sundays... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The postponed farewell for Mabel Mercer and her songs of rue, songs of glee is set for Saturday, Feb. 1. Sam Hamilton is her accompanist... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," the third of a series of revues with a distinct flavor of London, is a seething mass of skits (Peter Cook is the author of most of them) that have the glitter and menace of Excalibur. The unfailingly excellent players are Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby; the singer is the darkling and handsome Carole Simpson, who works on the straight-to-the-point lyrics of Stephen Vnaver; the band is Marian McPartland's gently on-with-the-new trio. Like nearly all the players, the menu is British as can be. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and eight. The McPartlands do reprises in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The nourishment is Latin; the footwork—lightning striking in a dozen places at once—is provided by Marcelo, who is all sound and fury, and a small corps de ballet. Dancing... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Isobel Robbins, a daffodil sort of soubrette, arrives on Tuesday, Feb. 4, with a set of ballads poised at the crossroads where winsomeness and wistfulness meet; Thelma Carpenter, who can do a sad song to a very nice turn, arrives the same night. The music, as always, comes from the inexhaustible Three Flames. The rest of the cast is best described as unnecessary noise. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roland Kirk's quartet celebrates progress in music; Marion Montgomery, a new girl in town, does the singing. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): For the time being, it's simply a weekend sports arena. This Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, the tunes will be called by Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan, whose calloohing and callaying bring to mind a set of gone-with-the-wind instruments, and Judy Henske, whose approach to folk music is direct and cynical... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore. The banjo, which is having a revivalist meeting of its own, is prominent in the nine-strong Serendipity Singers' activities. Jake Holmes, who adds a rare commodity (original wit) to folk singing, departs on Tuesday, Feb. 4; next evening, Juan Serrano's flamenco guitar, which burns with desire, moves in. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates... **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Jackie Paris, whose tenor is a many-octaved thing, is the leading citizen of this frontier town. Ernie Furtado's trio does the music. They are all off duty Sundays, when Benny Golson leads his band into action... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Marty Napoleon's clattering quintet and Red Allen's die-for-dear-old-Dixie quartet do the blowing. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Fridays through Sundays is currently the regimen here; on Jan. 31-Feb. 2, Dizzy Gillespie and his quintet will offer up excellent foolery... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Coltrane, marching up one scale and down another, leads a foursome that will check out on Thursday, Jan. 30. The following evening, Ben Webster, who has not only heart and soul but solidity to contribute to the welfare of our pristine music, brings his quartet in. Closed Mondays... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such nature studies as rambles with muskrats are carefully supervised by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Law-



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son. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A youth hostelry dedicated to restoring the banjo, the tuba, and the washboard, plus the music that goes with them, to the American way of life. Peanuts, beer, and whiskey are the other concomitants. Herbert Jacoby, who used to espouse the French way of life at the Blue Angel, is the *régis seur*. The music begins at eight and ends at two. Its creators go by the name of the G-String Strugglers. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, whose skill at variations is such that he doesn't really need themes, and his band are plumping for freedom of speech. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by drop-inners; Mondays, the Mingus group gives way to the Upper Bohemia Six and David Anram's quartet. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. Jonah Jones' quartet, which can make itself heard even so, will be succeeded on Monday, Feb. 3, by Joe Bushkin's trio. Sundays, someone else always fills in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Another New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea, with time out Mondays and Tuesdays, when another set of banjoists, called the Red Onion Minstrels, takes over. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): J. C. Higginbotham has come to life with a band that includes George Wettling and Hank D'Amico. These rare birds fly from nine to three every night but Sunday. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Abstract gouaches and watercolors from the past ten years; through Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)
LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Abstract sculptures, in plaster and bronze; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)
ROBERT BRODERSON—Paintings of birds, beasts, and myths; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)
JOAN BROWN—Still-lives and figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Stampfli, 47 E. 77th St.)
PAUL BURLIN—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
MOSHE ELAZAR CASTEL—Paintings by an Israeli artist; through Feb. 15. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
CARMEN CICERO—Brush drawings, gouaches, and pastels; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)
JOSEPH CORNELL—Assemblage "boxes" and collages; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 to 7; Sundays, noon to 7.)
VILLARD DENIS—Paintings by a Haitian artist; through Feb. 16. (Coimbra, 160 E. 64th St.)
ALAN FENTON—Abstract-imagist paintings; through Feb. 15. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Still-lives; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)
ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstractions; through Feb. 22. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)
MARSDEN HARTLEY AND ALFRED H. MAURER—Still-

lives; through Feb. 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD HOFFMANN—Paintings of natural rock forms; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

LEO JENSEN—Sculptures by a pop artist; through Feb. 15. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BEN KAMIHIRA—Landscapes done in Spain, figure paintings, and small still-lives; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—Cityscapes with figures; through Feb. 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD KOZLOW—Landscapes; through Feb. 15. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROBERT KUHNER—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 13. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

ANDRÉ LANSKOY—Paintings by a member of the Paris School; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

JOE LASKER—Figures and landscapes; through Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

TOM MORIN—Abstract cast-aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 21. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—Abstract paintings by a contemporary German artist; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings by a Japanese-born artist; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—A benefit loan exhibition tracing his development from the early figurative paintings to the all-over abstractions of his later years; through Feb. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Paintings by a pop artist; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGES ROUAULT AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oil paintings by Rouault, set against a background of paintings and sculptures by his colleagues in the School of Paris, including Soutine, Maillol, and Miró; through March 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD ROWE—Oils mainly; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL SNOW—Paintings and sculptures; through Feb. 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Abstractions by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Feb. 15. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUBEN TAM—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Feb. 15. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

TANIA—Painted constructions; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

PAUL ZIMMERMAN—Landscapes and still-lives; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

ART OF TUSCANY—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

CHINESE ART—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Feb. 29. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Four "environments" by four leading pop and hard-edge artists mixed—Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, and George Segal—who have been given a room apiece to have their way with; through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: The thirty-second annual show of works in all mediums by the gallery artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Nathan Hale; through Feb. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, John Singer Sargent,

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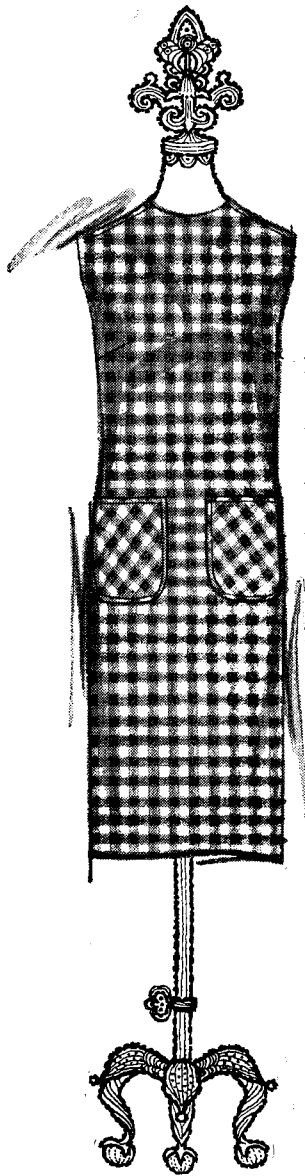
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) ... **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rico Lebrun, David Aronson, and Milton Hebard; through Saturday, Feb. 1. ... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York. On view are (for instance) stone sculptures by William Edmondson and life-size images made by Clark Coe, of Killingworth, Connecticut. Through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: "For Eyes and Ears," a display of sound-producing works by Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Jean Tinguely, Larry Rivers, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 1. ... **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and other modern artists; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) ... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Karel Appel, and Philippe Hosiasson; through Saturday, Feb. 1. ... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Agam, Len Lye, and José de Rivera are three of the dozen participants in "On the Move," a selection of mobile constructions; through Saturday, Feb. 1.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **IOLAS**, 15 E. 55th St.: A sizable collection of oils and drawings by Ernst, Léger, Braque, Magritte, Miró, and Picasso; through Saturday, Feb. 1. ... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Impressionist paintings by (to mention a few) Renoir, Monet, and Cézanne; through Saturday, Feb. 1.

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Prints by forty-five artists from eleven countries; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodeling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-five purchase-prizes (by Will Barnett, Robert Conover, Antonio Frasconi, and others) from the Museum's past print biennials; through Feb. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings in black and white by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Monday, Feb. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Liturgical manuscripts and books (of the eighth to the eighteenth centuries) for the Mass and the Divine Office; through March 21. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of recent French hand bookbinding; through Feb. 23. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W.

53rd St.—"Toys and Amusements," a display of objects from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru," an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, composed of silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising paintings by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Sunday, Feb. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. ... Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Rosalind Elias, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Vladimir Ruzdak. ... Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1:30: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, and Ernst Wiemann. ... Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Biserka Cvejc, Franco Corelli, and Mario Sereni. (A benefit performance.) ... Monday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Matti-wilda Dobbs, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. ... Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. ... Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, and Ernst Wiemann. ... Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Roberta Peters, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. ... Friday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. ... Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Ezio Flagello. ... Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, Janis Martin, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30, and Friday, Jan. 31, at 2:15 (both with Charles Treger, violin). ... Pedro Calderon conducting on Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3 (both with Charles Treger, violin). ... Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3 (with John Corigliano, violin, and David Tudor, piano).

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—George Szell conducting a Mozart-Mahler program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Monday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

ESTERHAZY ORCHESTRA—David Blum conducting, with Gérard Souzay, baritone. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Abraham Kaplan directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Eunice Alberts,

mezzo-soprano; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; William Warfield, bass; and the Orchestra of America. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

CESARE VALLETTI—Tenor. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA AND JÖRG DEMUS—In a program of four-hand piano music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI—In the first in a series of four programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512, Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Paganini Quartet, with William Primrose, viola. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The New York Pro Musica, in a program of Elizabethan music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 4:30.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.

DAVIS SHUMAN—Trombone. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490, Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

LENOX QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall, Sunday, Feb. 2, at 5:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, both at 8:30.)

MICHAEL OELBAUM—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512, Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

THE ROMEROS—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

ELLEN FAULL—Soprano. (Town Hall, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 5:15.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER'S STRING QUINTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of music of Burgundy, Flanders, and Austria. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The New York Chamber Soloists will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 3, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller, plus the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700, Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

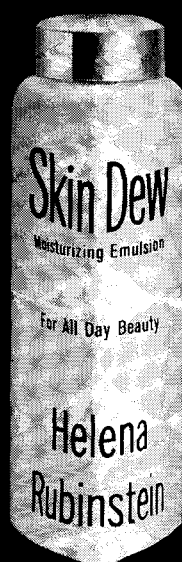
PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 6:30: Boston vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

BOXING—Doug Jones vs. Tom McNeeley, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle, LT 1-0845, Monday, Feb. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . Joey Archer vs. Holly Mims, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday,

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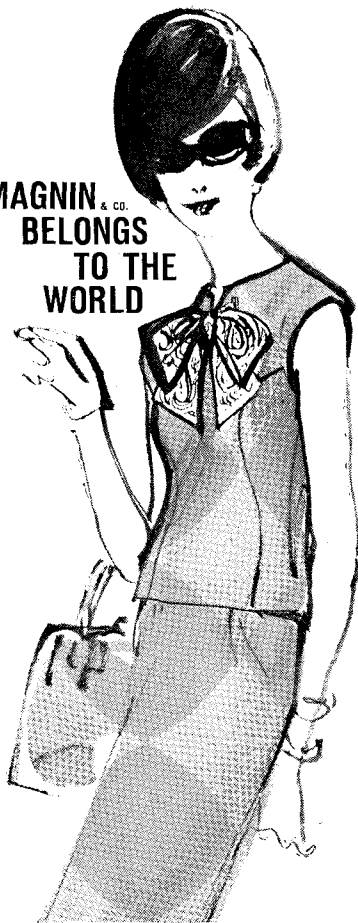
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago....
☞ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens....
☞ Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston....
☞ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21.

TRACK MEET—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden, Thursday, Jan. 30, at 7:30.)

TRAPSHOOTING—The Joseph J. Lordi Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman directing a program that will include a staged musical play, "Young Tom Edison." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 11.)

... **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Leonard Bernstein and Gunther Schuller conducting, with Aaron Copland, piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 8, at noon.) ... **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30.) ... **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: The fifth in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Verdi, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

RECITAL—Tom Glazer, folk singer, in a benefit performance. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30. Tickets at the box office only, after 10 on the day of the performance.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING**: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) ... **EXPLORE, INC.**: "Androcles and the Lion." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1.) ... **IMAGE THEATRE**: "The Beggar Boy of Baghdad." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) ... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood." Saturdays and Sundays at 1....
☞ "Hansel and Gretel." Saturdays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. For tickets, call GR 5-9647.) ... **MAXIMILION PRODUCTIONS**: "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30.) ... **MERRI-MIMES**: "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) ... ☞ "Little Red Riding Hood." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30.) ... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Aesop's Fables." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) ... **STAGE 73**: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) ... **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS**: "The Adventures of Sinbad." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st

St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...
☞ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—James Dickey reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 2, from noon to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 1:45: English furniture, Tiffany glass, Georgian and other silver and silver plate, pewter, Meissen and other old porcelains, paintings, tapestries, and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Colonel Owen Hill Kenan and from other sources....
☞ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, at 1:45: American and other furniture, silver, table porcelains and glass, scrimshaw work, milk glass, Chinese porcelains, paintings and prints, and hooked and Oriental rugs; from several collectors, among them the late Annette Hills Olds. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Feb. 15, 18, 23, 25, and 29, and March 3, 8, 10, and 15.

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden, Feb. 10-11.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 16, 19, and 23, and March 1, 4, 8, 11, and 15.

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships. (Iceland Rink, Feb. 28-March 1.)

TRACK MEETS—At 102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 11....
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: New York Athletic Club, Feb. 13....
☞ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 22....
☞ Knights of Columbus, Feb. 27....
☞ I.C.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 7.

TRAPSHOOTING—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Feb. 22-23.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 11....
PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17....
☞ Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, Feb. 9....
☞ St. Olaf Choir, Feb. 10....
☞ Dessoff Choirs, Feb. 11....
☞ Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus, pianos, Feb. 14....
☞ Concert Opera Association, Feb. 17....
☞ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 18 and March 10....
☞ Zurich Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 24....
☞ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 25....
☞ Boston Symphony, Feb. 26 and 28....
☞ Houston Symphony Orchestra, March 3....
☞ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 4....
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

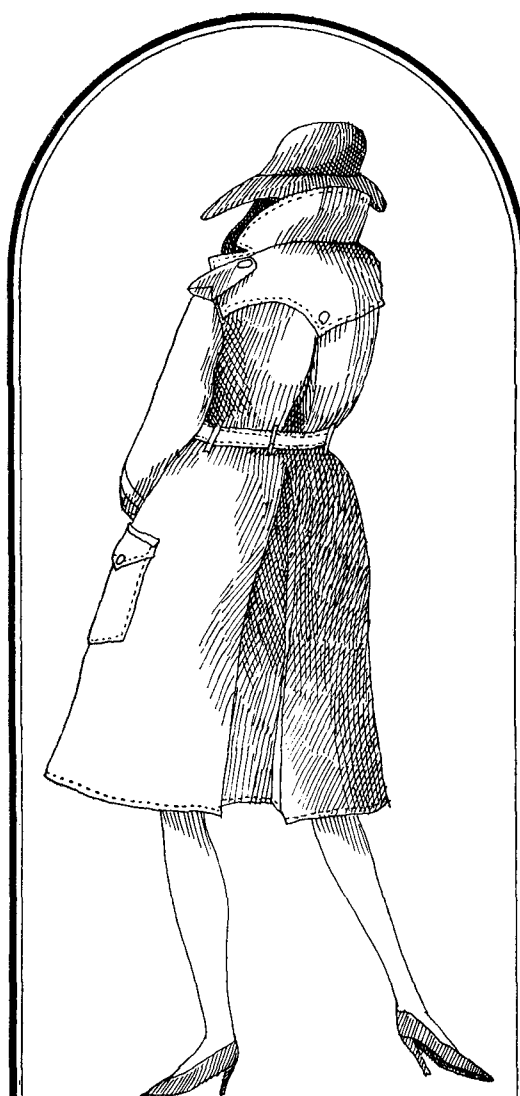
7460): Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 9.
... Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 10 and 17.
... Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 11 and
25. ... Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano.
Feb. 16. ... American Opera Society, Feb.
18 and 20. ... Orchestra of America, Feb.
19. ... Victoria de los Angeles, soprano,
Feb. 22. ... Philadelphia Chamber Orches-
tra, Feb. 23. ... American Symphony
Orchestra, Feb. 24 and March 4 and 8.
... Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus,
Feb. 26. ... Collegiate Chorale, Feb. 28.
... Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers,
March 1. ... Nathan Milstein, violin,
March 6. ... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Clarion
Concerts, Feb. 11 and March 10. ... Amor
Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Feb. 14. ...
Robert DeCormier Folk Singers, Feb. 15.
... Vera Appleton and Michael Field, duo
piano, Feb. 23. ... Andres Segovia, classic
guitarist, Feb. 23. ... Carlos Montoya,
flamenco guitarist, Feb. 20. ... Members of
the Boston Symphony, March 1. ... The
Romeros, guitarists, March 8. ... **HUNTER
COLLEGE** (RE 7-8490): Leonard Shure, piano,
Feb. 11. ... Alfred Brendel, piano, Feb. 21.
... Gina Bachauer, piano, March 7. ...
William Masselos, piano, March 10. ...
GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan
Museum (TR 9-5512): Mieczyslaw Horsz-
owski, piano, Feb. 14 and 28. ... Bethany
Beardslee, soprano, Feb. 21. ... Sidney
Harth, violin, March 6.

DANCE PROGRAMS—Mazowsze (Polish folk dancers and singers), at the City Center, Feb. 11-23.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Fair Game for Lovers," a comedy by Richard Dougherty, with Leo Genn, Forrest Tucker, and Maggie Hayes. ... Paddy Chayefsky's new play, "The Passion of Josef D.," starring Peter Falk and Luther Adler. ... A four-character comedy by Muriel Resnik called "Any Wednesday," in which Michael Rennie and Sandy Dennis will appear. ... "Foxy," a musical version of Ben Jonson's comedy "Volpone," with a libretto by Ian McLelland Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., lyrics by Johnny Mercer, and music by Robert Emmet Dolan. Bert Lahr, Larry Blyden, and Juilienne Marie head the cast. ... A musical, "What Makes Sammy Run?," based on the novel of the same name by Budd Schulberg, who with Stuart Schulberg wrote the book. Ervin Drake did the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, and Robert Alda. ... Two plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—a revival of Eugene O'Neill's tragicomedy "Marco Millions," with Hal Holbrook and David Wayne, and S. N. Behrman's new comedy, "But for Whom Charlie," with Ralph Meeker and Salome Jens. ... Le Théâtre de France (formerly known as the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault Company) will present a three-week engagement of five plays—Beaumarchais' "Le Mariage de Figaro," Racine's "Andromaque," "Salut à Molière" (arranged by M. Barrault), Ionesco's "Le Piéton de l'Air," and Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne." ... Evelyn Williams in "The Deputy," adapted by Jerome Rothenberg from the German play by Rolf Hochhuth. ... "Funny Girl," a musical about Fanny Brice, with Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin. Jule Styne composed the score. Bob Merrill is responsible for the lyrics, and Isobel Lennart turned out the book.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—Robert Morley, (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500, March 8.) ... W. H. Auden, (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, YU 8-6783, March 12.)

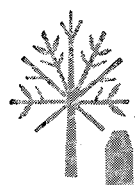
OTHER DATES—Lincoln's Birthday is Wednesday, Feb. 12. ... Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 12. ... Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 19. ... Washington's Birthday is Saturday, Feb. 22. ... National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 26-March 5. ... Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, March 7-15. ... International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 7-15.



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would've
if
she
could've...
carpeted
the
Orient Express
with
carpet
by
magee

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

AMERICA AMERICA—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

BILLY LIAR—An English comedy, in which the brilliant young actor Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 5.)

CLEOPATRA—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

THE CONJUGAL BED—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Lothario when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 5, tentative. . . . Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 5.)

DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

THE EASY LIFE—An Italian melodrama, featuring Vittorio Gassman and directed at a fantastic pace by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE FIANCÉS—A wistful Italian study of a lower-middle-class couple who find it hard to make their way in the world and still be happy. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

HIGH AND LOW—A Japanese thriller based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune—who else? (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Feb. 5.)

HUD—An excellent Western, and more than a Western, thanks to top-flight performances by Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 72nd, TR 9-1313.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

KNIFE IN THE WATER—A clever young director named Roman Polanski takes an ironic look at life and love in contemporary Poland, which seems not unlike Long Island. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 4. . . . Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Feb. 5.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and many others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 4.)

LORD OF THE FLIES—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The boys are all "absolutely smashing" and uncannily true to type—upper-class public-school hooligans, the backbone of an Empire. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and nicely photographed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-

1200. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 4.)

POINT OF ORDER!—A powerful documentary of the Army-McCarthy hearings, as fresh and dreadful as the day they started. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS—A charming comedy out of Italy about a boy and a girl and a job and a party. Directed by Ermanno Olmi, with a delightful cast. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 4.)

TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a dreamy Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

TOM JONES—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 4.)

THE BICYCLE THIEF (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim," all mementos from the silent past. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE IDIOT (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 30.)

NIGHT AND FOG (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 30.)

POPPY (1936)—W. C. Fields again, this time on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 30.)

SHADOWS (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 4.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 4. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 30.)

TWO WOMEN (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 30.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.



THE BROADWAY AREA.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Doll" (in Swedish).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Feb. 4: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre.
From Feb. 5: "Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
From Feb. 3: "The Silence" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Lindblom.

RIVOLI, B'way at 40th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Prodigal Son" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 4: KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).
From Feb. 5: BILLY LIAR.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Feb. 4: SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French), revival; and "The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
From Feb. 5: "Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune; and "Women of the World," a documentary film.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 4: LORD OF THE FLIES; and "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
From Feb. 5: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 5 (tentative): "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

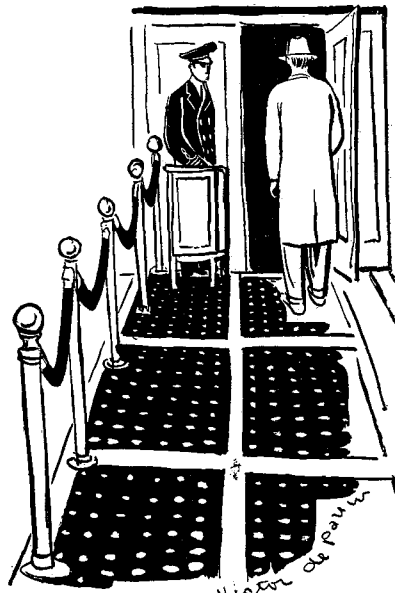
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER, revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The 7th Juror" (in French), Bernard Blier, Danielle Delorme.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 2: "Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.
From Feb. 3: "The Silence" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Lindblom.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 4: "The Haunted Palace," Vincent Price, Debra Paget; and "Cry of Battle," Van Heflin, Rita Moreno.
From Feb. 5: "Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"... And Suddenly It's Murder!" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Vittorio Gassman.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CHAPLIN COMEDIES (silent).

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED ... OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE FIANCÉS (in Italian).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
POINT OF ORDER!

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
HUB.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 5 (tentative): THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian); and "Carry On Nurse," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 4: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.
From Feb. 5: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "A Yank in Vietnam," Marshal Thompson.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)

Jan. 30: NIGHT AND FOG, revival; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
Jan. 31-Feb. 3: THE IDIOT (in French), revival; and THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian), revival.
From Feb. 4: SHADOWS, revival; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 4: LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.
From Feb. 5: THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian); and "Women of the World," a documentary film.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 4: THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS (in Italian).
From Feb. 5: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8330)
Through Feb. 4: "Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.
From Feb. 5: HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 4: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.
From Feb. 5: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "A Yank in Vietnam," Marshal Thompson.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 4: "The Haunted Palace," Vincent Price, Debra Paget; and "Cry of Battle," Van Heflin, Rita Moreno.
From Feb. 5: "Kings of the Sun," Yul Brynner, George Chakiris; and "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 4: "The Guest," Donald Pleasence.
From Feb. 5: KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Jan. 31: "The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.
From Feb. 1: "A Pair of Briefs," James Robertson Justice, Michael Craig.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 4: "Children of the Damned," Ian Hendry; and "Twilight of Honor," Richard Chamberlain.
From Feb. 5: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "A Yank in Vietnam," Marshal Thompson.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 30: MILLION DOLLAR LEGS, revival; and POPPY, revival.
From Jan. 31: "The Cocoanuts," revival, the Marx Brothers; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 4: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.
From Feb. 5: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 30: TWO WOMEN (in Italian), revival; and THE TRIAL, revival.
Jan. 31-Feb. 3: "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
From Feb. 4: ALEXANDER NEVSKY and "Chapayev" (both in Russian and both revivals).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
LORD OF THE FLIES.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT was no surprise to us when John Glenn came dropping out of orbit to bolster the Democratic Party or when Charles (Bud) Wilkinson trotted off the gridiron for the Republican cause. Colonel Glenn, of astronautical legend, proposes to win the Ohio senatorial primary from Senator Stephen Young and then the Ohio senatorial election, probably from Representative Robert A. Taft, Jr.; Coach Wilkinson, of Oklahoma football legend, will try, it is said, to bounce Senator J. Howard Edmondson, of Oklahoma, out of his seat. Both Glenn and Wilkinson, to our mind, are shining examples of the very latest thing in American candidates, the folk-hero-of-all-trades. Coach Wilkinson enters the Oklahoma race with seventeen years of service to the University of Oklahoma football team behind him, and, as his supporters remind us, it has been a winning team. Colonel Glenn,



for his part, points to a successful orbiting of the earth and to a long stint in the Marines—a winning outfit, too, as we all know. “The Senate,” said the Colonel as he tossed his helmet in the ring, “. . . provides the best opportunity to make use of the experience I have gained in twenty-two years of government service.” Now, it occurred to us, listening to the Colonel open his campaign, that if our latter-day folk heroes take over the Congress, our legislators will all be out of work. The prospect of seeing several hundred non-union senators and congressmen dumped en masse into the already teeming ranks of the unskilled labor force was indeed alarming, and would have continued to alarm us but for the ingenuity of Colonel Glenn’s logic. The Colonel’s reference to the space corps as a kind of Senate farm

team suggests that professional credits are as readily convertible as good bonds, and we reasoned that if this is indeed the case—if experience per se, irrespective of picky professional particulars, is as choice a commodity as the Colonel maintains—then surely the unemployed legislators will qualify to take over the old jobs of the heroes who have replaced them on the Hill. The Colonel, if he should defeat the Senator in the May primary, could therefore have no real objection if Mr. Young, a sprightly, peppery seventy-four, should step in to fill the gap left in the astronaut team. Mr. Young has, after all, fourteen years of political experience behind him. “Where but at Cape Kennedy,” we could expect to hear the Senator say in his bid for a space suit, “can my fourteen years of experience in Washington be put to such good use?” True, he might have to contend for the N.A.S.A. appointment with Mr. Taft, who has two years in the House of Representatives and seven years in the state legislature to recommend him, but in that event the choice could be left to the Ohio voters, who, we feel sure, would be more than willing to hold astronaut elections in odd years. As for the loser of the Taft-Young astronaut race, he might be persuaded to take a job as a field coach on Oklahoma’s football team, where he could keep busy helping out J. Howard Edmondson, the new head coach, for at least as long as it took Senator Edmondson to get the hang of the thing.

Skyscrapers

IN December, we reported the prediction of Mr. Irving Weingarten, a public-relations man closely associated with New York’s building boom, that for a number of reasons, including high construction costs and the loss that comes from crowding valuable interior space with masses of elevators, no one would ever again build a genuine skyscraper in New York City. Meanwhile, a group of architects, planners, and en-

gineers hired by the Port of New York Authority were solving those problems, and a couple of weeks ago they announced that by 1970 there would be *two* new skyscrapers, each a hundred feet—and eight stories—taller than the Empire State Building, and with considerably less space devoted to elevator shafts. They will be the heart of the World Trade Center, will be partly surrounded by a three-story gallery and a five-acre plaza, and will be built near the Hudson River, between Barclay and Vesey Streets, on the north, and Liberty Street, on the south. Total cost: about three hundred and fifty million dollars.

We went up to the New York Hilton the other day for the unveiling of a model of the Trade Center, and found a group of men, women, and babies, representing the Downtown West Businessmen’s Association, picketing



outside the hotel, in protest against their eventual dispossession. Although both New Jersey and New York City as well as New York State are officially committed to the construction and successful operation of the Trade Center, the pickets were blaming only Governor Rockefeller for their future troubles. We went inside the hotel, surrounded by out-of-towners who kept emerging from cabs lined up at the entrance, and took two escalators to the Mercury Room, where the model was to be unveiled. There were to be speeches by Port Authority officials and appropriate politicians, and an explanation of the architecture of the Trade Center by Minoru Yamasaki, who, with Richard and Julian Roth, of Emery Roth & Sons, designed it.

“Is Rocky here yet?” one man asked another. No one seemed to know. We

sat down next to a reporter from the *Hackensack Record*; Governor Rockefeller appeared, with Governor Hughes, of New Jersey, Mayor Thomas J. Whelan, of Jersey City, and Deputy Mayor Cavanagh, of New York City; television spotlights were turned on for a moment, and then off, as everyone found a seat; and the chairman of the Port Authority, S. Sloan Colt, went to the rostrum. Mr. Colt explained that the purpose of the Trade Center would be to provide a unified community for the New York-New Jersey Harbor's import-export business. Deputy Mayor Cavanagh, speaking for Mayor Wagner, who couldn't be there, said that the Mayor favored the project generally but reserved judgment on certain details, such as revenue and the relocation of the dispossessed, that had not yet been presented to him. Both Governor Hughes and Mayor Whelan were confident that the Trade Center would benefit their state, and Governor Rockefeller said that the serious building-trades employment problem that was expected to follow the completion of the World's Fair construction should be alleviated by the needs of the Trade Center.

The unveiling of the model, in which the skyscrapers were eight feet high, was followed by tumult. Photographers and television cameramen rushed up to the model to arrange the two Governors and the Deputy Mayor in a succession of poses, at one point directing Governor Rockefeller to extend a hand toward the model while the architects, planners, and engineers congratulated each other and various officials shook hands, patted cheeks, and clapped one another's shoulders. After a long and inaudible conversation between Governor Rockefeller and a number of radio and television reporters, most of the politicians vanished, leaving Austin Tobin, the executive director of the Port Authority, to compare the centralization of foreign trade to the centralization of financial dealings in the Stock Exchange, and Mr. Yamasaki to explain his system of exterior supports and his long, narrow windows, which, he said, were designed to prevent acrophobia.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (INFLATION OF THE NEW FRANC DIVISION): The latest French edition of "The Moon and Sixpence" (*Le Livre*

de Poche, Hachette) is entitled "La Lune et Soixante-quinze Centimes."

Antiques Show

THE East Side House Settlement's Winter Antiques Show, a fixture that habitually turns the Seventh Regiment Armory into a dream of Chippendale, Spode, Lowestoft, Meissen, and the like, takes the better part of three days to set up, and we stopped in during the middle of this winter's operation to find the great drill floor of that distin-



guished arsenal crowded with carpenters, painters, and dealers, along with trucks and cars unloading Hepplewhite love seats and Queen Anne mirrors in front of various booths, many of them still under construction. "The trucks drive right in from the Lexington Avenue side," we were

told by Mr. Russell Carrell, a professional organizer of antiques shows who was in charge of the installation. "We have a man to control traffic, so that too many of them don't come in at once. We have eighty-one exhibitors this year, and it will cost us about eighteen thousand dollars to build their enclosures. I've issued a hundred and forty-one work cards so far; everybody has to show a badge to get in, and to get out. The carpenters are all specialists who work only on exhibitions. We get a few frayed nerves here and there—sometimes a vinyl floor buckles, or someone says his toolbox has been stolen—but we're always ready on time. The toolbox never is stolen, of course; it's just mislaid."

Mr. Carrell led us to the Ralph M. Chait Galleries exhibit, where a uniformed guard was presiding over an array of Chinese pottery. "Mr. Chait has his own guard," Mr. Carrell said. "He's been here all night. During the show, we hire guards and plainclothesmen ourselves. We generally get twenty-five thousand visitors." We went on to the James Robinson silver shop, and our guide pointed out two apertures in the shop's ceiling, which was made of unbleached muslin. "Mr. Robinson requested holes in the ceiling, because it got so hot last year," he said. We followed him to the balcony, admired the busy scene, which somewhat resembled a carnival, and repaired to a conference room where coffee was available. We took a cup and strolled around the room, which was

full of Armory art: an 1861 oil of the Seventh Regiment's headquarters at Georgetown Heights, in Washington; a watercolor of a flag-covered coffin being borne on a paddle-wheeler by six men, titled "Landing the Remains of Ex-President James Monroe at Richmond, Va., July 5th, 1858, Under Escort from New York of the Seventh Regiment N.Y.S.M., Colonel Abram Duryee Commanding;" and a Currier & Ives print titled "The Funeral of President Lincoln, New York, April 25th, 1865. Passing Union Square."

"There's a fortune in art here, uncatalogued," Mr. Carrell said. "I'm sure there are some Winslow Homers somewhere. Everything needs cleaning. You know the way the Army runs things."

A familiar-looking woman waved at us; she was Mrs. Grace Lindquist, an associate director of the Settlement House. "We cleared fifty-six thousand dollars in 1963, from rental space, admission fees, sale of catalogues, and proceeds from a twenty-dollar preview cocktail party, and we hope to do better this year," she said. "We're having wider aisles and two beautiful garden settings. Our settlement house, which used to be on the East River in the Seventies, has just completed its first year on its new site, in the Bronx. It's been very exciting. Why, there are the Andrew sisters, from Rhode Island!"

Two ladies in fur coats greeted her, and then an exhibitor came up and said, "Grace, someone has just put his booth right on top of my booth."

Mrs. Lindquist said she would have that straightened out. "Exhibitors are very territorial, like birds," she remarked to us, and we took our leave, to return two days later for this year's twenty-dollar preview cocktail party. What a change! Everything shipshape in the main hall; débutantes trundling bar carts of delicacies to befurred or black-tied guests; in a big room near the entrance, a long bar, red-coated Roland Haas musicians playing waltzes, and small tables decorated with jonquils, iris, and tulips, at which waiters in eighteenth-century livery were passing pâté, shrimps, and mushroom canapés.

We sat down at a table and asked our waiter where he acquired his getup. "Brooks Costume Company," he said. "We were supposed to wear wigs, but they didn't fit."

Honest Injun

A TEEN-AGE girl from Chappaqua has recently had her first experience with the *théâtre intime* and re-

ports that it was impressive. She occupied a seat in the second row, on the aisle, at a Sunday matinée of "The Fantasticks," a Greenwich Village musical that is played in the semi-round, and during the performance unknowingly dropped her purse. A short time later, one of the actors, who was costumed as an American Indian, fell beside her in the aisle mortally wounded, as the plot called upon him to do. Seeing the girl's purse, he picked it up, said, with a crisp British accent, "You dropped this," handed it to her, and then lay back and expired.

Consul-General

"SWEDEN has a brand-new consul-general here, Tore Tallroth, whom you ought to meet," a Swedish-American friend of ours said the other day. "One of the first things he did after he arrived was to go skating on the Wollman Rink, in Central Park." We thereupon called up Mr. Tallroth (his name is pronounced "Tall-root"), who invited us to lunch with him and his wife in the Consulate, at 600 Park Avenue. This turned out to be a large former private house, full of oak panelling, sculptured ceilings, tessellated floors, and marble pillars. "It used to belong to John Bulkley, a pulp-and-paper magnate," Mr. Tallroth said, after a scholarly-looking maid had ushered us into a second-floor reception room. "James Gamble Rogers built it in 1910. My country bought it for the Consulate a few years ago."

We admired a line drawing of a giant, signed Ernst Josephson, which was hanging next to a print of a female nude, signed Picasso, that somewhat resembled it, and Mr. T. told us that Josephson was a nineteenth-century Swedish artist

who had gone crazy. "I think you can see that in the picture," he said. "I'm very fond of it. I believe Picasso knew his work. I hope to get some of the Stockholm galleries to send over paintings for the Consulate." He led us into the next room, a big library with a big Persian carpet and eastern and southern exposures, and introduced us to his wife.

"I'm getting more furniture, pictures, curtains, and so forth for the house," Mrs. Tallroth said. "It's only

partly furnished, and I'm not altogether sure that I approve—"

Her husband put his finger to his lips, and we asked him how he got into the diplomatic life.

"I joined the Swedish Institute for Cultural Relations after graduating from Uppsala University, which was founded in 1477," he said. "Well, first I was in military service for two years, in the Signal Corps. I started out as secretary of the Institute in 1945, and took a leave of absence from 1949 to



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The sponsor feels you haven't been inhaling deeply enough lately, Larkin, so if you know what's good for you . . ."

ness, and even Mr. Bing has been smiling for days." Sure enough, as our eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, the first figure we spied was the slender Mr. Bing, a scarf wrapped tightly about his throat and a broad smile on his face. "This is the seduction scene," our guide whispered. "Roberta Peters, playing the anthropologist, who's from Vassar, is teaching George London, the savage, all about civilized love. Pretty racy for the Met."

Miss Peters, looking not at all anthropological in a long red dress, was cracking a whip at Mr. London, who, his hair shaggy and his nakedness covered only by a leopardskin, might have leaped, beating his chest, straight out of a *very* old Tarzan movie. Standing at a short distance from the bizarre couple was Mr. Menotti, who likes to direct as well as compose. "Too slow with the whip, Roberta," he said, in a quiet voice. "Remember, you're taming a dangerous man. You should turn back and pick up the whip quickly, like this." Menotti pivoted on his heel, snatched up the whip, and cracked it several times, each time raising a puffball of white dust from the stage floor. Miss Peters nodded, and then sang, in a high, clear soprano, "First we sit upon a sofa . . . then, more whiskey." The scene ended, a few minutes later, in a passionate embrace and a blackout, after which London, uncoiling from the couch and adjusting his rumpled leopardskin, suggested to Menotti that for the sake of sartorial modesty the blackout had better begin a good many bars earlier. Menotti appeared to agree with the suggestion, and went off to talk over lighting cues with the electricians, whereupon Miss Peters and Mr. London executed an impromptu tango around the couch and were applauded by an audience scattered at random through the auditorium.

Once the tango was finished, we had a chance for a word or two with Miss Peters and Mr. London.

"It's such *fun* to do this opera," Miss Peters said, jauntily brandishing a two-foot-long cigarette holder. "How do you like my prop? In real life, I don't smoke, and I hope I can be convincing onstage without actually inhaling, or anything. I'm also worried about my costume change after the love scene. Embracing me, George gets a lot of makeup on me, and I've exactly four minutes to



"I want to be polled!"

rush back to my dressing room, take off this red dress, clean up, and climb into a lovely green party dress."

"I have to hop out of my leopardskin and into the damndest double-breasted purple suit you ever saw," Mr. London said, not to be topped. "I'm enjoying this role immensely. It's a nice change from the sort of thing I usually do—Wotan and Boris, for example, where I have to be dignified and tragic. Also, I find it easy to identify with Abdul, the savage—a decent man who gets trapped by the pleasant corruption of modern society."

"The music is marvellous," Miss Peters said. "I can't tell you how helpful it is to have the composer alive and on hand, so you can ask him to put an extra high E in the score if you want it."

As if "high E" had been his cue, Mr. Menotti strolled back onstage, eating a banana and conducting a debate, in both Italian and English, with a couple of his production assistants. Though he was nursing a bad cold, he seemed as high-spirited as everyone else. "An *opera buffa* such as this requires a special clarity of style," he told us. "The music must express pure joy. In a Broadway musical comedy, you make an audience laugh with jokes; in *opera buffa*, it is the music that must laugh first and thus inspire the audience to do so. The plot of 'The Last Savage' is a gentle satire on contemporary life and gives me a

chance to poke fun at quite a number of things—Action Painting, obscure poetry, the stabile at Lincoln Center, and so on. To some extent, the opera embodies my own somewhat schizophrenic nature. Half of me yearns for the solitude and peace of the cave, and the other half feels guilty over not proving useful enough to society. To seek happiness through solitude is a form of selfishness; even the man who becomes a hermit to achieve sainthood has to be selfish. However, my poor savage is defeated not because he feels bad about leading a simple, solitary life but because he finds that he cannot give up love. By accepting love from the young anthropologist, he betrays his savage ideals."

Menotti's secretary, a tall and pretty blonde, came up and reminded him of a couple of appointments, which he assured her he would be unable to keep, and then pressed upon him a Contac capsule, a container of hot tea, and a box of dates.

"While I'm working," Menotti said, "I survive, like my savage, on fruit."

ABSOLUTELY sound statement made by a nanny with an American accent to a child she was accompanying across Madison Avenue at Seventy-ninth Street: "Children are still children even when they grow up, so you'll be a child when *you* grow up."

THE TSOTSIS AND THE PONDOS

SIR, now I am staying down in this Cape Town, because there are no Tsotsis. You do not see them in Cape Town, because here are not many of us black people. But in Johannesburg it is very bad. They are young people, sir, not of just one tribe but Zulus, Xhosa, Shangaans, Tswana, Basuto, all together—many, like ants. Perhaps they will come one day, these Tsotsis, because they are always riding about the country in their second-hand motorcars looking like snakes out of the windows. Sometimes I am thinking they will jump out of their car here and call to me, “Hey you, Stanford Makwedi, so we find you again!”

It is not a nice thought to be thinking.

You know these Tsotsis, sir? They are always wearing these round hats and long coats with big pockets to hide their guns and knives and their drinks and dagga. And their trousers—too tight, too short. So they know each other. These Tsotsis are never working. They laugh at people that work. They say, “Every day dig the garden, dig the road, dig the mine, ride the message for

sixpence and some mealie-pap. But we are in the big money and we do no work.” Friday night they stand by the corner, all together there, and they show you the knife. “Hey you, fool that works!” they are saying. “Tonight we will come for our pay.” You go past them, and you are saying nothing, but making a prayer inside they will not know where you are staying.

These black people are very bad to other black people. You push one away or make him a fool and they shout, “We’ll get you soon, black Kaffir, we’ll get you soon!” They come with axes or knives to chop you, or paraffin to throw under your door and set it alight, and all your house, and perhaps wife and children, too, are burned dead, finished—family and house all gone. And they are running away up the dark streets crying “Hee-hee! Hee-hee!”

They are always taking—taking this, taking that—and standing on the corners, laughing together and looking. I have seen the policeman catch plenty other black people, but never these Tsotsis.

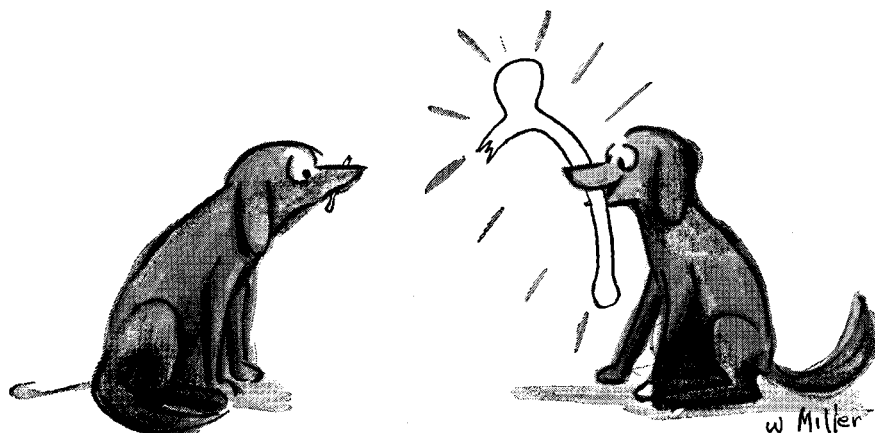
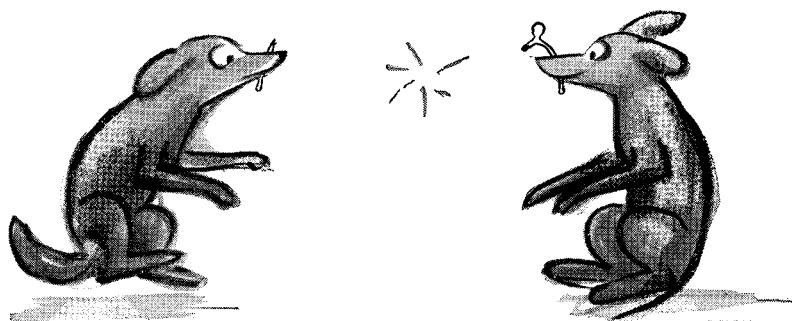
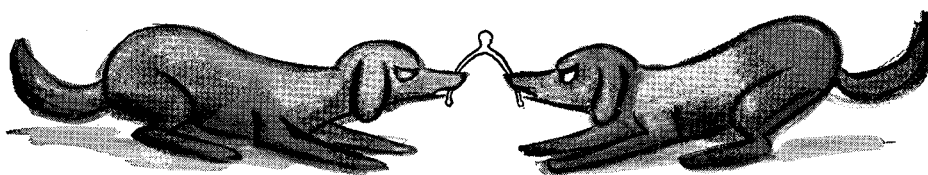
Now, sir, what I did to the Tsotsis

was a very hard thing. That is why I am today gone from Johannesburg with my wife and children. First I go to my home place near to Umtata, in the Transkei, but there is no work there, and now I am in Cape Town. But always I am thinking, When are these Tsotsis coming—five, six, in their motorcar, looking out through the windows in their hats like monkey people?

THAT time in Johannesburg I am going home every night across the veld after work—fifteen years, sir. A big empty piece of veld. It is a sad, hard place, sir, that the white people do not want and the black people will not go there. On the one side the white people’s place ends, and far on the other side the black people’s township is beginning, and it is taking me ten minutes—perhaps a quarter hour—to ride on the dirt road through the long-grass on my bicycle. This road is going all over the place, like it is a very drunk man, and at the other end goes along a railway line looking for a way to cross it and then down the other side again. But one place, in this big empty piece between black people and the white people, this road goes past a big house. It is a house that they are never finishing building. There it is standing, no roof, no glass for the windows, all by himself. Perhaps the man finds the place is no good, perhaps he dies, perhaps it is the government, perhaps his money is finish too soon. It is a place to make a man feel sorry, to think that somebody is lying dead there. And all round it the long-grass is growing, so high it comes right up to my shoulder.

Every night I am going past I am telling myself, “One day the Tsotsis will find this place.” If you leave a place empty, soon they will be there like lizards, like scorpions under a rock. In Johannesburg they are always riding everywhere on their bicycles—racing bicycles, drop handles, three-speed, dynamo lights. And an empty place they find soon, and they are drinking and playing for money and laughing “Hee-hee.”

So this one night I am going home and it is nearly dark, because it is beginning wintertime. Far away on the white people’s side I see the lights in the houses already, and far away on the black people’s side, too. And I am making a hurry, because it is the time when a man wishes to be with his wife and children. And I am going fast, too, because I am near this house and I am always going fast past this house. I do not like empty windows that look at me like a ghost looks.



w Miller

But this night I get a big fright. This night I can see there is a light in the house. It is a candle—I can see how the shadows go round through the window. And outside there are four, five, six racing bicycles leaning there against the wall. All new bicycles. For these Tsotsis that are never working everything must be new if they can get it. Everything new and shining. I can see on the wall inside how their heads go round in the light like balloons. They are drinking, perhaps, and playing cards there.

Quickly I am pulling my bicycle into the long-grass and am standing there listening, thinking. If I am going to ride past that place, they will see me, a man alone, and come running out of the door, jumping through the window to chase me for my money. And my bicycle is not so fast as their bicycles. Soon they will catch me.

But I am asking myself, too, "Must I go back and ride a long way home?" Then I will be very late, and my wife getting worried. People are worried if you are late in that place, Johannesburg—maybe there is pass trouble with the police, or there is fighting somewhere, or perhaps these Tsotsis are killing you. Hey, in that place there is plenty trouble! Plenty, plenty trouble.

And I am thinking, too, what is a man who must always be going back a long way because of these Tsotsis? There is not enough living for this sort of thing. Perhaps it will be better if I am going through this long-grass till I am past that place. Perhaps they will not see me in the long-grass if I put my head down on my handlebars like I am sleeping, and walking softly, softly. For the grass, as I am saying, sir, is growing very high, right to my shoulder here.

It is not nice in this long-grass. When the sun has gone there is always a little wind talking in the grass, saying "Schwee-schwee"—like little voices. I am a good Christian, sir, of the Bantu Methodist Church, but when the wind talks in the long-grass, "Schwee-schwee, schwee-schwee," I am getting frightened that some of those old spirits is still there. Perhaps God did not look so closely in this grass and they are still in that place, calling to one another and waiting like Tsotsis to find a man alone there.

So I am going along with my head on my handlebars and making a prayer that the old spirits and the Tsotsis they don't catch me. I am pushing faster and faster through this long-grass, and it is beating me on my neck and on my arms like little hands with sharp nails, and it is making noise like a big wind—schwissh-schwissh—a big wind that is blowing me



"Three hundred and sixty lousy dollars, and the door should close with a good, solid thunk?"

along in front of it. And all the time I am praying, "Jesus, Our Saviour, get me out of this long-grass before these damn tokolossies catch me for the Devil."

Now I know I am gone past that place. Not far past that place, but this long-grass is too much, and it is getting too dark. I put up my head and I see the house not far away. The candle is down on the floor, for I am seeing the shadows of these Tsotsis' heads blowing around the walls like big balloons. But there is nobody looking out of that window.

Quickly, quickly I am jumping on my bicycle on the road and riding away fast. I laugh to myself while I ride, and I say, "Hey, you damn fool Tsotsis, this time I make a big fool out of you!"

But then I hear someone is shouting behind me. His voice is small but very clear, like a little bell ringing. I hear his words. "Hey you, Kaffir, we want to talk to you!" I am not looking round,

for I know what these Tsotsis are doing. There are more small voices behind me. They are running out of the door, jumping out of the window, pushing their racing bicycles quickly, quickly on the road.

But I am running on my pedals now, sir, and once more I am making a prayer to God. I do not know what it is I am saying to God. And my breath it is like bits of broken bottle in my chest. But my ears is listening all the time, and all the time I can hear those voices getting louder, a little bit and a little bit louder, and they are saying, "Hey, Kaffir, bloody fool, we are catching you!"

Far away in front of me I see the lights of the black people's place, small and far away like the stars coming into the sky. And there is nobody to help me—all round me it is big and empty like the sky, big and empty and dark.

But now I am remembering that big lump in the ground. This lump I am

never thinking about before, but now I remember it so well that it is almost like that big lump has always been there inside my head. It is where the road turns up to be running along the railway line, with a big high fence running along beside. Soon I am there, and I am jumping off my bicycle and pulling it into the long-grass behind that lump. I do not care any more about the spirits in the long-grass, for now I am thinking those Tsotsis they will be worse for me than tokolossies. Besides, the little wind that comes when the light leaves is now gone again, and the grass is quiet—straight and quiet—and it is only me breathing there like a dog.

Those Tsotsis are coming up and going past so that I hear them breathing and laughing. They are always laughing, these people. They are saying, "Where is that bloody fool? Where is that black bastard going to?"

But soon they are gone past far up the road. Then I am jumping up and climbing that fence. It is a high fence, that fence, with plenty barbed wire, and it is hard to take my bicycle over it, too. It is tearing my jacket, my trousers, my hands—everything. But I am over, and I can see the Tsotsis are still riding up the road to where it goes across the line. They are like fireflies now, making their lights go this way and that way, looking for me.

Then I hear from far away "Too-too, too-too," and there is a light like the moon is coming up far down the line. I can hear it is the train coming, and quickly I am crossing the line with my bicycle and getting over that other fence on the other side and pulling it after. Hey, and then it is stuck! Stuck fast in that barbed wire.

I pull, but no good. I pull harder, but I am frightened I break my bicycle. I stand there working with it, but all the time that train is coming faster, faster than any train I am ever seeing. It is crying "Tooooo-tooooo," its noise gets bigger and bigger, and in its face is that big light making light far in front of it. And I am standing there pulling my bicycle.

Sir, whenever I am catching this train it is always getting late—making a breakdown, stopping by the line and waiting, for nothing. But this time he is never stopping, comes running through the night like a big iron snake and shining all his light on me. I am still there when he is going past and shaking all the world and crying "Tooooo-tooooo," and I am shouting back at him, "Bloody fool, bloody fool train! Why you make no breakdown?" And I shout at the people looking through the windows,

A WINTER'S TALE

It is a winter night. Fever and chill
Rummage the blind cars on Lover's Hill,
And rabbits shiver in the frozen grass.
Along the river, ice, like broken glass,
Clicks and flickers. For an hour we walk
The bank, and I half listen to your talk
Of kids and marriage. Here, piles of junk
Blaze with frost, and summer's juice is sunk
To the hidden root. But even as a bloom
Of ice melts in my hand, I think of a room
Warmed by summer moonlight. You are beside
Me on the bed. I turn. Your eyes grow wide
And darken as we kiss. Wild and sweet,
Your body whispers against me on the sheet.
But this is dream; for I have heard the west
Wind sigh down the dozing Berkshires, its past
Naming our future, the tide of its restlessness
Heaving through raw towns. It is not less
Than itself, this image. It summons me
Where breakneck houses spill toward a fresh sea.
And you, you are your father's child; your face
Tells me you will never leave this place,
His dead mills, the hope that they'll come back
To life. Downstream, they loom, crusted wrack
Jamming their floodgates, their bobbins wound
With the dust of years. Watchman and hound
Prowl the yards. But what is there to watch?
Tonight, your father warms his hopes with Scotch,
And pacing before the fireplace, stops, and turns
To stare at the *Wall Street Journal* as it burns.
Now, the town clock bells you home. But I
Draw you close. You smile a little and cry
Against my shoulder. We stand in this heavy air,
And stand, knowing all we'll ever share
Is this embrace. The sky above us palls,
And the blue snow melts about us as it falls.

—ROBERT PATRICK DANA

"Bloody fools! Why you don't help me?"

And just so soon as that train is going past, my bicycle is falling off that fence on my face. But now it is too late. For high up the line I can see the one Tsotsi is shining his light and the others are lifting their bicycles over. And when I push my bicycle to the road, it is crying like a dog from one of the wheels. That wheel is no good—*phelile*, finish.

Now I am finish. Now I am a dead man. I am never going to see my little house, my wife, my children again.

I am thinking perhaps I must run in the long-grass again, but there is not so much of it this side. They have been burning it this side—perhaps a coal fell

from that damn engine. I am looking this way and that way.

And hey, just as I am looking, I see in front of me big dark birds, big birds standing there like they are sleeping on the side of the road. I am saying to myself I have never seen such big birds before—but then I see they are not birds. They are men wearing blankets, like the red people from the Reserves—perhaps Basuto people come to look for work in Johannesburg. They are standing there very still, looking at me.

But I am going to them now and saying, "*Lala kakule bantu!*," which is to say, "Good night, friends!"

Now there are ten, twelve of these people, and the first one speaks to me in my language.

"From where do you come?" I ask him.

He is saying, "We come from Pondoland to this terrible place. A lorry is bringing us here to look for work. A long way, a long time we come. But here all the people laugh at us. They say





"Then the question is: Do we want a prosperity based on increased government spending or a prosperity based on cutting government expenses? That's where I begin not to follow."

where is our passes, where is our paper, where is our trousers. Now we wait for the morning here, for the lorry man is gone with all our money."

Quickly I am telling them I am from Tembuland—that is the next country to their place down there in the Transkei. I say to them, "Friends, you are in a no-good place here. It is filled with bad men and Tsotsis."

The first one says, "They told us in Pondoland about these Tsotsis."

"They are chasing me now," I am telling them. "You can see how their lights are coming."

Another one says, "It is some of these Tsotsis I am thinking who laugh and make trouble for us today. Perhaps the lorry man is also a Tsotsi."

But the first is saying again, "We have tongues which will talk to these Tsotsis, tongues to say hard things to them."

But I am saying, "To talk to these people is no good, no use."

Then I see they are taking from under their blankets long sticks and knobkerries, like they are always carrying in the Reserves, these red people. They are saying, "We will talk with these."

I am saying, "But they have knives, guns."

But those Pondo people are very ignorant. They laugh. They say, "We are too many for them. Go ride like you are still running away from them."

So I am doing this and showing my light this time, too. And soon I hear

the Tsotsis shouting, "We will catch that Kaffir now. He has been resting. He cannot ride any more!"

Then I hear a terrible noise. KRANG! KRENG! KREEDONK! And screaming—very bad screaming—and sticks going *wok-wok-wok*!

These Pondo people have thrown sticks in the wheels of the bicycles. Now there is a big heap of Tsotsis and bicycles. The wheels are going round on the ground, and the Tsotsis jumping about and crying, and the Pondo people are beating them all the time with their sticks and kerries—*wok-wok-wok*! The Tsotsis is shouting, "Do not kill us! What have we done to you?" But the Pondo people are beating them very sore till the blood is coming, and



"Of course you're not going crazy. That man over there is also fretting over the plight of the platypus."

shouting they are Tsotsis and that is enough. One Tsotsi is pulling out a knife and they are beating his hand to little pieces with kerries, and soon these Tsotsis are all running away into the night crying like calves.

The Pondo people are wanting to chase them, but I tell them, "Do not kill these Tsotsis, for this makes trouble with the police. It is not good to have trouble with the police if you are wanting to work here."

So they are smashing the Tsotsis' bicycles, jumping on the wheels, throwing the pieces far away in the veld. And they are laughing and singing doing this. These red people are never very educated, sir.

But from far away there is coming a screaming. One of those Tsotsis is standing there on an anthill, like a shadow, shouting to us. "We will get you!" he is screaming. "We will get you, stinking kraal Kaffirs! We will rip your guts out! We will burn your wives and children!"

But the Pondo people laugh at him. "Come and get us now. Do not howl from far away like jackals."

I am thinking it is time to go home to my wife now. I am saying to them, "You have done well, my friends, you Pondo. Now it is better to take care."

But they are laughing at me, too, now. They are saying, "Take care! Take care! You Tembu are always taking care. Did we not take care of these Tsotsis? Did we not beat them so they ran away crying into the night like jackals?"

I said to them, "You have much to learn in this town, you Pondo people. Come now, and I will show you a place to sleep."

So when we are walking back to the township they are singing of their great fight. Even in the streets when people are looking and through their little windows, they are singing. Now we are in a place where there are street lights on the corners, and they are more brave for this light, saying:

"We have slaughtered the Tsotsis
And turned them to jackals,
They howl in the night
To show how we beat them,
We who came here by lorry
From a far hilly country,
We slaughtered them, beat them
And turned them to jackals..."

And again I am saying to them, "Perhaps it would be much better if you are keeping more quiet about this."

So the first one is saying to me, "What is it that is making you so frightened, my friend? We will stay

together and look after you."

But I tell them, "In this place you cannot always stay together, unless you are becoming Tsotsis. Only the bad people who are not working, with no wife and children, can stay together. You will learn that."

But they are laughing again and saying, "Our people are far away. Our fathers and mothers and wives and children, we have left them behind to make money here."

I am thinking it is no use to speak to these people. You cannot tell a man those things he must learn himself. And these red people are very ignorant, and they cannot even read a notice to tell them where the white people must go and the black people must go. And I am thinking, too, how the other people of the township will laugh to see me with the Pondo people always walking after me like chickens.

So I am taking them to that place where they can sleep, and I am giving them some money. They are still

talking loud about what they were doing to those Tsotsis. They are shouting to me, "Good night, friend! We will meet in the morning."

BUT I am gone home to my wife, very fast to my wife and children, and I am telling her, "Tomorrow first thing I take out my Building Society savings and we go back to the Transkei."

My wife is crying, saying to me, "What about our children going to school, our furniture, where shall we get food?"

But I am saying, "Better we starve a little than we die altogether."

For you see, sir, there are some things a man is doing because he must do them—sometimes for himself, and sometimes for his wife and children. That is all a man is living for.

But those Tsotsis are riding everywhere in the land, and perhaps one day we are meeting again.

—ANTHONY DELIUS

JUKE BOX—Seeburg, 100 record play. Condition like new. Make offer. Other household items.—*Adv. in the White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*

You got any distorting mirrors?

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I TEACH elementary botany to girls in a village half a day's journey by train from Montreux. Season by season our landscape is black on white, or green and blue, or, at the end of summer, olive and brown, with traces of snow on the mountains like scrubbed-out paint. The village is made up of concentric rings: a ring of hotels, a ring of chalets, another of private schools. Through the circles one straight street carries the tearooms and the sawmill and the stuccoed cinema with the minute screen on which they try to show things like "Ben-Hur." Some of my pupils seem interested in what I have to say, but the most curious and alert are usually showing off. The dull girls, with their slow but capacious memories, are often a solace, a source of hope. Very often, after I have been on time for children raised to be unpunctual, or have counselled prudence, in vain, to these babies of heedless parents, I remind myself that they have not been sent here to listen to me. I must learn to become the substance their parents have paid for—a component of scenery, like a tree or a patch of grass. I must stop battering at the sand castles their parents have built. I might swear, at certain moments, that all the girls from Western Germany are lulled and spoiled, and all the French calculating, and the Italians insincere, and the English impermeable, and so on, and on; but that would be at the end of a winter's day when they have worn me out.

At the start of the new term, two girls from Frankfurt came to me. They giggled and pushed up the sleeves of their sweaters so that I could see the reddish bruises. "Tomorrow is medical inspection," said Liselotte. "What can we say?" They should have been in tears, but they were biting their lips to keep from laughing too much, wondering what my reaction would be. They said they had been pinching each other to see who could stand the most pain. There are no demerits in our school; if there were, every girl would be removed at once. We are expected to create reserves of memory. The girls must remember their teachers as they remember hot chocolate and after-skiing, all in the same warm fog. I disguised the bruises with iodine, and said that girls sometimes slipped

and fell during my outdoor classes and sometimes scratched their arms. "*Merci, Mademoiselle,*" said the two sillies. They could have said "*Fräulein*" and been both accurate and understood, but they are also here because of the French. Their parents certainly speak English, because it was needed a few years ago in Frankfurt, but the children may not remember. They are ignorant and new. Everything they see and touch at home is new. Home is built on the top layer of Ur. It is no good excavating; the fragments would be without meaning. Everything within the walls was inlaid or woven or cast or put together fifteen years ago at the very earliest. Every house is like the house of newly wed couples who have been disinherited or say they scorn their families' taste. It is easy to put an X over half your life (I am thinking about the parents now) when you have nothing out of the past before your eyes; when the egg spoon is plastic and the coffee cup newly fired porcelain; when the books have been lost and the silver, if salvaged, sold a long time ago. There are no dregs, except perhaps a carefully sorted collection of snapshots. You have survived and the food you eat is new—even that. There are bananas and avocado pears and plenty of butter. Not even an unpleasant taste in the mouth will remind you.

I have light hair, without a trace of gray, and hazel eyes. I am not fat, because, unlike my colleagues, I do not hide pastry and *petits fours* in my room to eat before breakfast. My calves, I think, are overdeveloped from years of walking and climbing in low-heeled shoes. I am a bit sensitive about it, and wear my tweed skirts longer than the fashion. Because I take my gloves off in all weather, my hands are rough; their untended appearance makes the French and Italian parents think I am not gently bred. I use the scents and creams my pupils present me with at Christmas. I have few likes and dislikes, but have lost the habit of eating whatever is put before me. I do not mind accepting gifts.

Everyone's father where I come from

was a physician or a professor. You will never hear of a father who rinsed beer glasses in a hotel for his keep, or called at houses with a bottle of shampoo and a portable hair-drying machine. Such fathers may have existed, but we do not know about them. My father was a professor of Medieval German. He was an amateur botanist and taught me the names of flowers before I could write. He went from Munich to the university at Debrecen, in the Protestant part of Hungary, when I was nine. He did not care for contemporary history and took no notice of passing events. His objection to Munich was to its prevailing church, and the amount of noise in the streets. The year was 1937. In Debrecen, on a Protestant islet, he was higher and stonier and more Lutheran than anyone else, or thought so. Among the very few relics I have is "Wild Flowers of Germany: One Hundred Pictures Taken from Nature." The cover shows a spray of Solomon's-seal—five white bells on a curving stem. It seems to have been taken against the night. Under each of the hundred pictures is the place and time we identified the flower. The plants are common, but I was allowed to think them rare. Beneath a photograph of lady's-slipper my father wrote, "By the large wood on the road going toward the vineyard at Durlach July 11 1936," in the same amount of space I needed to record, under snowdrops, "In the Black Forest last Sunday."

I have often wondered whether tears should rise as I leaf through the book; but no—it has nothing to do with me, or with anyone now. It would be a poor gesture to throw it away, an act of harshness or impiety, but if it were lost or stolen I would not complain.

I recall, in calm woods, my eyes on the ground, searching for poisonous mushrooms. He knocked them out of the soft ground with his walking stick, and I conscientiously trod them to pulp. I teach my pupils to do the same, explaining that they may in this way save countless lives; but while I am still talking the girls have wandered away along the sandy paths, chattering, collecting acorns. "Beware of mushrooms that grow around birch trees," I warn. It is part of the lesson.

I can teach in Hungarian, German, French, English, or Italian. I am grateful to Switzerland, where language is a matter of locality, not an imposition, and existence a





"I'm looking for an honest man, not an honest kid!"

question of choice. It is better to avoid dying unless the circumstances are clear. If I fall, by accident, out of the funicular tomorrow, it will only prove once again that the suicide rate is high in a peaceful society. In any case, I will see the shadow of the cable car sliding over trees. In a clearing, a woman sorting apples for cider will not look up, although her children may wave. There I shall be, gazing down in order to frighten my vertigo away (I have been trying this for years), in the cable car of my own will, hoping I shall not open the door without meaning to and fall out and become a reproach to a country that has been more than kind. Imagine gliding—floating down to them! Think of the silence, the turning trees! Sometimes I have thought of adopting a strict religion and living by codes and signs, but as I observe my pupils at their absent-minded rites I find they are all too lax and uncertain. These spoiled girls do not care whether

they eat roast veal or fish in parsley sauce on Fridays—it is all the same monotonous meal. Some say they have never been sure what they may eat Fridays, where the limits are. My father was a non-believer, and my mother followed, but without conviction. He led her into the desert. She died of tuberculosis, not daring to speak of God for fear of displeasing her husband. He never carried a house key, because he wanted his wife to answer the door whatever the hour; that is what he was like. My only living relation now is my mother's sister, who has disinherited me because I remind her of my father. She fetched me to Paris to tell me so—that old, fussy, artificial creature in a flat stuffed with showy trifles. "Proust's maternal grandfather lived on this street," she said severely. What of it? What am I supposed to make of that? She gave me a stiff dark photograph of my mother at her confirmation. My

mother clasps her Bible to her breast and stares as if the camera were a house on fire.

WHAT I wanted to comment on was children—children in Switzerland. I rent a large room in a chalet seven minutes from my school. Downstairs is the boisterous Canadian who married her ski instructor when she was a pupil here eleven years ago. She has a loud laugh and veined cheeks. He had to resign his post, and now works in the place near the sawmill where they make hand-carved picture frames. The house is full of animals. On rainy days their dining room smells of old clothes and boiled liver. When I am invited to tea (in mugs, without saucers) and sit in one of the armchairs covered with shredded chintz and scraps of blanket, I am obliged to borrow the vacuum cleaner later so as to get the animal hairs out of my skirt. One room is kept free for lodgers—skiers in winter, tourists in summer. In August there were five people in the room—a family of middle-aged parents, two boys, and a baby girl. Because of the rain the boys were restless and the baby screamed with anger and frustration. I took them all to the woods to gather mushrooms.

"If a mushroom has been eaten by a snail, that means it is not poisonous," said the father. Rain dripped through the pine trees. We wore boots and heavy coats. The mother was carrying the bad-tempered baby and could not bend down and search, but now and then she would call, "Here's one that must be safe, because it has been nibbled."

"How do you know the snail is not lying dead somewhere?" I asked.

"You must not make the boys lose confidence in their father," the mother said, trying to laugh, but really a little worried.

"Even if it kills them?" I wanted to say, but it would have spoiled the outing.

My mother said once, "You can tell when mushrooms are safe, because when you stir them the spoon won't tarnish. Poisonous mushrooms turn the spoon black."

"How do you know everyone has a silver spoon?" said my father. He looked at her seriously, with his light eyes. They were like the eyes of birds when he was putting a question. He was not trying to catch her out; he was simply putting the question. That was what I was trying to do. You can warn until your voice is extinguished, and still these people will pick anything and take it home and put their fingers in their mouths.

In Switzerland parents visit their children sometimes, but are always try-

ing to get away. I would say that all parents of all children here are trying to get away. The baby girl, the screamer, was left for most of a day. The child of aging parents, she had their worried look, as if brooding on the lessons of the past. She was twenty-six months old. My landlady, who offered to keep her amused so that the parents and the two boys could go off on their own for once, had cause to regret it. They tricked the baby cruelly, taking her out to feed melon rinds to Coco, the donkey, in his enclosure at the bottom of the garden. When she came back, clutching the empty basket, her family had disappeared. The baby said something that sounded like "Mama-come-auto" and, writhing like a fish when she was held, slipped away and crawled up the stairs. She called upstairs and down, and the former ski instructor and his wife cried, "Yes, that's it! Mama-come-auto!" She reached overhead to door handles, but the rooms were empty. At noon they tried to make her eat the disgusting purée of carrots and potatoes the mother had left behind. "What if we spanked her?" said the former ski instructor, wiping purée from his sleeve. "Who, you?" shouted his wife. "You wouldn't have nerve enough to brain a mad dog." That shows how tough they thought the baby was. Sometimes during that year-long day, she forgot and let us distract her. We let her turn out our desks and pull our letters to bits. Then she would remember suddenly and look about her with elderly despair, and implore our help, in words no one understood. The weeping grew less frightened and more broken-hearted toward the end of the afternoon. It must have been plain to her then that they would never return. Downstairs they told each other that if she had not been lied to and deceived, then the mother would never have had a day's rest; she had been shut up in the rain in a chalet with this absolute

tyrant of a child. The tyrant lay sleeping on the floor. The house was still except for her shuddering breath. Waking, she spoke unintelligible words. They had decided downstairs to pretend not to know; that is, they would not say "Yes, Mama-come-auto" or anything else. We must all three behave as if she had been living here forever and had never known anyone but us. How much memory can be stored in a mind that has not even been developed? What she understood was that we were too deaf to hear her cries and too blind to see her distress. She took the hand of the former ski instructor and dragged it to her face so that he could feel her tears. She was still and slightly feverish when the guilty parents and uneasy boys returned. Her curls were wet through and lay flat on her head. "She was perfect," the land-

lady said. "Just one little burst of tears after you left. She ate up all her lunch." The mother smiled and nodded, as if giving thanks. "Children are always better away from their parents," she said, with regret. Later, the landlady repeated, to me, as if I had not been there, a strange but believable version of that day, in which the baby cried only once.

THAT was an exceptional case, where everyone behaved with the best intentions; but what I have wanted to say from the beginning is, do not confide your children to strangers. Watch the way the stranger holds a child by the wrist instead of by the hand, even when a hand has been offered. I am thinking of Véronique, running after the stranger she thought was making off with the imitation-leather bag that held her cardigan, mustard, salt, pepper, a postcard of the Pont-Neuf, a pink handkerchief, a peppermint, and a French centime. This was at the air terminal at Geneva. I thought I might help—interpret between generations, between the mute and the deaf, so to speak—but at that moment the woman rushing away with the bag stopped, shifted it from right hand to left, and grasped Véronique by the wrist.

I had just been disinherited by my aunt, and was extremely sensitive to all forms of injustice. I thought that Véronique's father and mother, because they were not here at the exact moment she feared her bag was being stolen, had lost all claim to her, and had I been dispensing justice, would have said so. It was late in June. My ancient aunt had made me a present of a Geneva-Paris round-trip tourist-class ticket for the purpose of telling me to my face why she had cut me out of her will: I resembled my father, and had somehow disappointed her. I needed a lesson. She did not say what the lesson would be, but spoke in the name of



"I have to hang up, Louise. I have a free form in the kiln."

Life, saying that Life would teach me. She was my only relative, that old woman, my mother's eldest sister, who had had the foresight to marry a French officer in 1919 and spend the next forty years and more saying "Fie." She was never obliged to choose between duty and self-preservation, or somehow hope the two would coincide. He was a French officer and she made his sense of honor hers. He doted on her. She was one of the lucky women.

Véronique was brought aboard at Orly Airport after everyone else in the Caravelle had settled down. She was led by a pretty stewardess, who seemed bothered by her charge. "Do you mind having her beside you?" she asked. I at first did not see Véronique, who was behind the stewardess, held by the wrist. I placed her where she could look out, and the stewardess disappeared. This would be of more interest if Véronique were now revealed to be a baby ape or a tamed and lovable bear, but she was a child. The journey is a short one—seventy-five minutes. Some of the small girls in my school arrive alone from Teheran and Mexico City and are none the worse for the adventure. Mishaps occur when they think that pillows or blankets lent them were really presents, but any firm official can deal with that. The child is tossed from home to school, or from one acrobat parent to the other, and knows where it will land. I am frightened when I imagine the bright arc through space, the trusting flight without wings. Reflect on that slow drop from the cable car down the side of the mountain into the trees. The trees will not necessarily catch you like a net.

I fastened her seat belt, and she looked up at me to see what was going to happen next. She had been dressed for the trip in a blue-and-white cotton frock, white socks, and black shoes with a buttoned strap. Her hair was parted in the middle and contained countless shades of light brown, like a handful of autumn grass. There was a slight cast in one eye, but the gaze was steady. The buckle of the seat belt slid down and rested on one knee. She held on to a large bucket bag—held it tightly by its red handle. In the back of the seat before her, along with a map of the region over which we were to fly, were her return ticket and her luggage tags, and a letter that turned out to be a letter of instructions. She was to be met by a Mme. Bataille, who would accompany her to a *colonie de vacances* at Gsteig. I read the letter toward the end of the trip, when I realized that the air hostess had forgotten all about Véronique.

RESOLUTION

Back of the door the child is playing that
Piano drawn on a piece of paper
He keeps to the black notes it
Gets dark
He moves to the white notes it gets
Too dark I can't hear him any more

As I was

The customs men multiply between

He takes with him
Memory leaking feathers
If he knew what I
Know now in the same X-ray

The pictures turn to the walls here is
Death the same taste in
A different color
Thinks I will say it

The scars
Grow leaves the feeling
Runs ahead and hides in bushes with its
Knives painted out
I know

Thinks I will say
It say it
As the hole climbs the sky

*Oh let it be yesterday surely
It's time*

Never

Never

A usage I'm learning a beak at my ear
I hear

The hearts in bottles
The dice lying awake

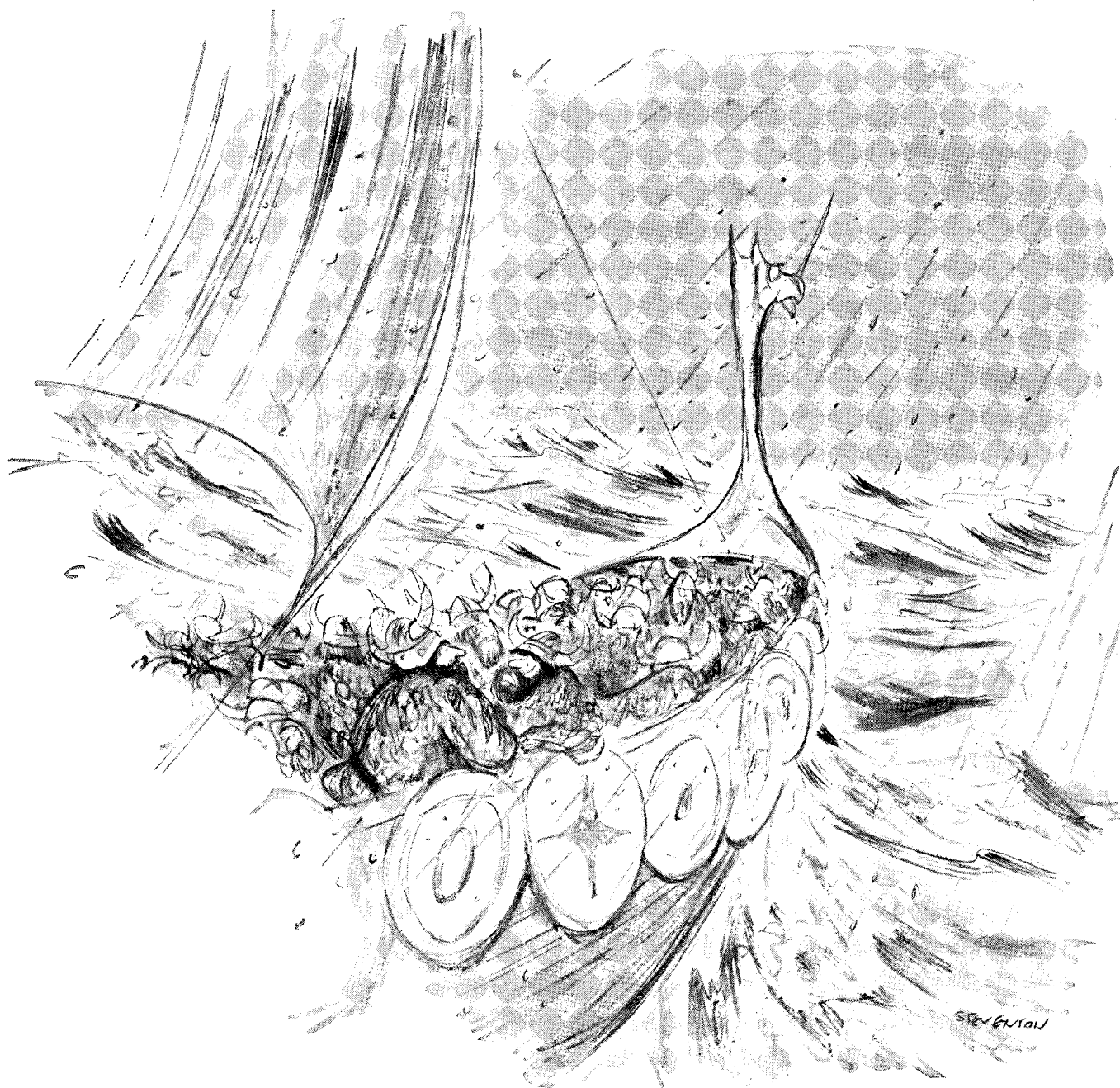
The clock dropping its shoes and
No floor

—W. S. MERWIN

I am against prying into children's affairs—even "How do you like your school?" is more inquisitive than one has a right to be. However, the important facts about Mme. Bataille and Gsteig were the only ones Véronique was unable to supply. She talked about herself



and her family, in fits and starts, as if unaware of the limits of time—just over an hour, after all—and totally indifferent to the fact that she was unlikely ever to see me again. The place she had come from was "Orly," her destination was called "the mountains," and the person meeting her would be either "Béatrice" or "Catherine" or both. That came later; the first information she sweetly and generously offered was that she had twice been given injections in her right arm. I told her my name, profession, and the name of the village where I taught school. She said she was

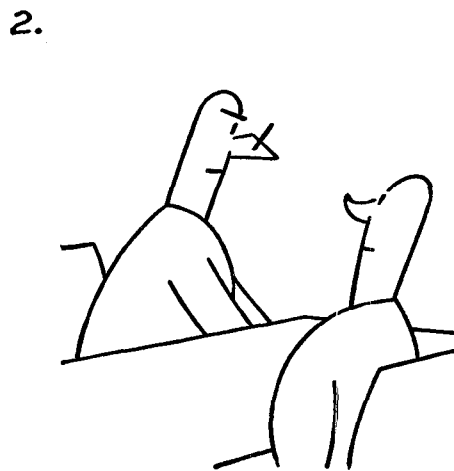
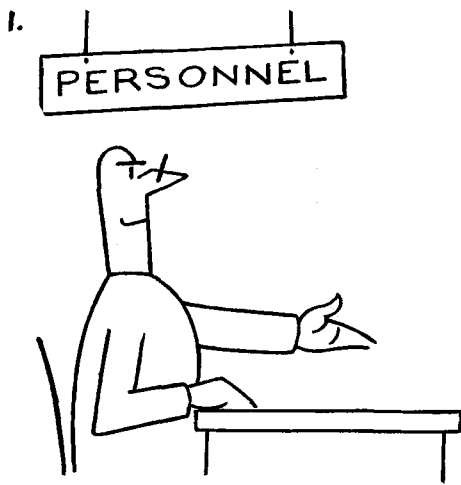


"Don't you hate winter crossings?"

four but "not yet four and a half." She had been visiting, in Versailles, her mother and a baby brother, whose name she affected not to know—an admirable piece of dignified lying. After a sojourn in the mountains she would be met at Orly Airport by her father and taken to the sea. When would that be? "Tomorrow." On the promise of tomorrow, either he or the mother of the nameless brother had got her aboard the plane. The Ile-de-France receded and spread. She sucked her mint sweet, and accepted mine, wrapped, and was overjoyed when I said she might put it in her bag, as if a puzzle about the bag had now been solved. The stewardess snapped our trays into place and gave us identical

meals of cold sausage, Russian salad in glue, savory pastry, canned pears, and tinned mineral water. Véronique gazed onto a plateau of food nearly at shoulder level, and picked up a knife and fork the size of gardening tools. "I can cut my meat," she said, meaning to say she could not. The voice that had welcomed us in Paris and had implored Véronique and me to put out our cigarettes now emerged, preceded by crackling sounds, as if the air were full of invisible fissures: "If you look to your right, you will see the city of Dijon." Véronique quite properly took no notice. "I am cold," she stated, knowing that an announcement of one's condition immediately brings on a change for the better. I

opened the plastic bag and found a cardigan—hand-knit, light blue, with pearl buttons. I wondered when the change-over would come, when she would have to stop saying "I am cold" in order to grow up without being the kind of person who lets you know that there is a draft in the room, or the beach is too crowded, or the service in the restaurant has gone off. I have pupils who still cannot find their own cardigans, and my old aunt is something of a complainer, as her sister never was. Despite my disinheritance, I was carrying two relics—a compote spoon whose bowl was in the form of a strawberry leaf, and the confirmation photograph of my mother. They weighed heavily in my hand lug-



gage. The weight of the picture was beyond description. I knew that they would be too heavy, yet I held out my hand greedily for more of the past; but my aunt's ration stopped there.

The well-mannered French girl beside me would not drink the water I had poured into her glass until advised she could. She held the glass in both hands and got it back in its slot without help. Specks of parsley now floated on the water. I said she might leave the remains of the cold sausage, which she was chewing courageously. Giddy with indiscipline, she had some of the salad and all of the pear, and asked, indicating the savory pastry, "Is that something to eat?"

"You can, but it's boring." She had never heard food referred to in that way, and hesitated. As I had left mine, she did not know what the correct attitude ought to be, and after one bite put her spoon down. I think she liked it but, not having understood "boring," was anxious to do the right thing. With her delicate fingers she touched the miniature salt and pepper containers and the doll's tube of mustard, asking what they were for. I remembered that some of the small girls in the school saved them as tokens of travel, and I said, "They are for children to keep." "Why?"

"I don't know. Some children keep them."

I wondered if this was a mistake, and if she would begin taking things that did not belong to her. She curled her hand around the little mustard tube and said she would keep it for Maman. Now that she was wearing the cardigan, her purse was empty save for a mint sweet. I told her that a bag was to put things in, and she said she knew, looking comically worldly. I gave her a centime, a handkerchief, a postcard—searching my own purse to see what could be spared. The stewardess let us descend

the ramp from the plane as if she had never seen Véronique before, and no one claimed her. I had great difficulty finding anyone at the terminal who knew anything about Mme. Bataille. When I caught sight of Véronique, later, hurrying desperately after a uniformed woman who did not slow her pace for a second, I feared that *was* Mme. Bataille; but fifteen minutes after that I saw Véronique in the bus that was to take us to the railway station. She was next to a mild, thin, harassed-looking person, who seemed exhausted at the thought of the journey to come.

Now, mark the change in Véronique: She shook out her hair and made it untidy, and stood on the seat and jumped up and down.

"You are a very lucky little girl, going to the mountains *and* the sea," said Mme. Bataille, in something of a whine. Véronique took no more notice of this than she had of Dijon, except to remark that she was going to the seashore tomorrow.

"Not tomorrow. You've only just arrived."

"Tomorrow!" The voice rose and trembled dangerously. "Papa is meeting me at Orly."

"Yes," said the stupid woman soothingly, "but not tomorrow. In August. This is June."

The seats between us were now filled. When I next heard Véronique, the corruption of memory had set in.

"It was the stewardess who cut up your meat," said Mme. Bataille.

"No, a lady."

"A lady in a uniform. The lady you were with when I met you."

"No."



The reason I could hear them was that they were nearly shouting.

Presently, all but giving in, Mme. Bataille said, "Well, she was nice, the lady. I mean, the stewardess."

Two ideas collided: Véronique remembered the woman fairly well, even though the flight no longer existed, but Mme. Bataille knew it was the stewardess.

"I came all alone," said Véronique.

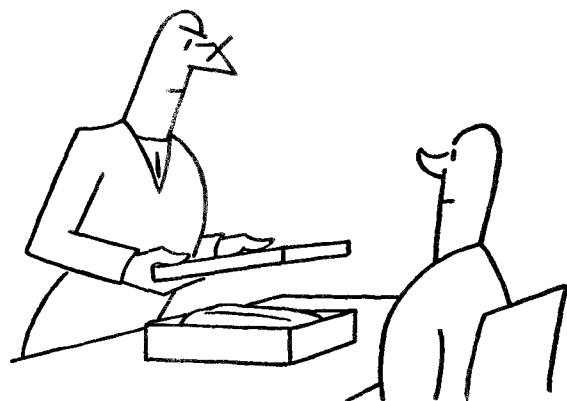
"Who cut your meat, then?"

"I did," said Véronique, and there was no shaking her.

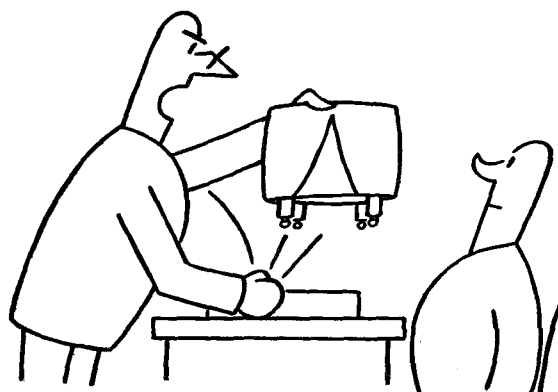
II

EVEN if Peter Dobay had not instantly recognized me and called my name, my attention would have been drawn by the way he and his wife looked at the station of our village. They got out of the train from Montreux and stood as if dazed. One imagined them blinking behind their sunglasses. At that time of year, we saw only excursion parties—stout women with gray curls, or serious hikers who would stamp from the station through the village and up the slopes. Peter wore a dark suit and black shoes, his wife a black-and-white silk dress, a black silk coat, and fragile

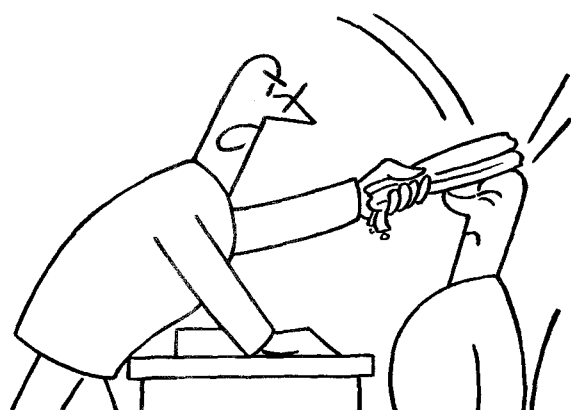
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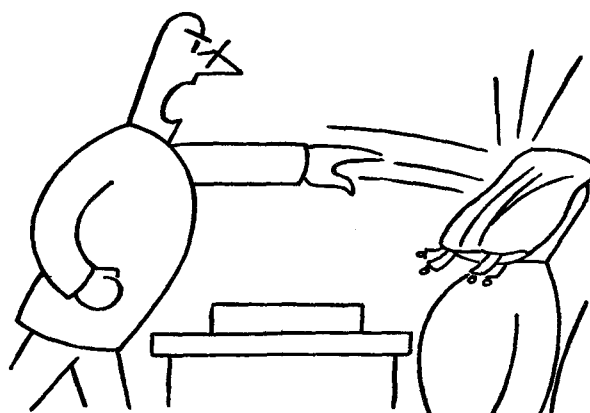
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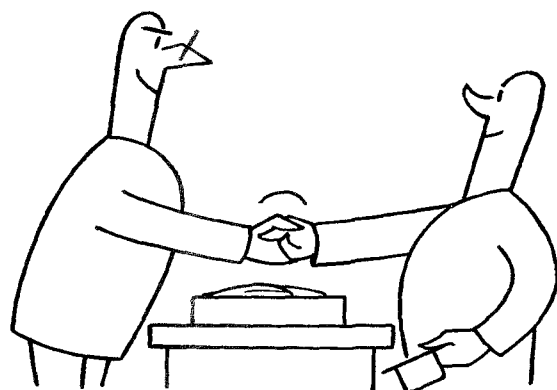
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8.



9. COMPLAINTS



O. SOGLOW

open sandals. Her blond hair had been waved that day. I wondered how she would walk in the village streets on her thin high heels.

When we were face to face, Peter and I said together, "What are *you* doing here?"

"I live here—I teach," I said.

"No!" Turning to his wife, he said excitedly, "You know who this is, don't you? It's Erika." Then, back to me, "We've come up to see my wife's twins. They're in a summer school here."

"Better than dragging them round with us," said his wife, in a low-pitched, foggy voice. "They're better off in the fresh air." She touched my arm as if she had always known me and said, "I just can't believe I've finally seen you. Poodlie, it's like a *dream*."

I was faced with two pandas—those glasses! Who was Poodlie? Peter, evidently, yet he called her "Poodlie," too: "Poodlie, it's wonderful," he said, as if she were denying it. His wife? Her voice was twenty years older than his.

He went off to see to their luggage and she stopped seeing me, abruptly, as if now that he was gone nothing was needed. She looked at the village—as much as she could see, which was the central street and the station and the shutters of the station buffet. All I could see was her mouth and the tight pinpoint muscles around it, and the flour dusting of face powder.

"Well?" she said when Peter returned.

"I can't believe it," he said to me,

and laughed. "*Here!* What are you doing *here?*"

"I teach," I began again.

"No, here at the station, now, on Sunday."

"Oh, that. I was waiting for the train with the Sunday papers."

"I told you," he cried to his wife. "Remember, it was one of the things I said. Even if Erika was starving, she'd buy newspapers. I never knew anyone to read so many papers."

"I haven't had to choose between starving and reading," I said, which was a lie. I watched with regret the bale of papers carted off to the kiosk. In half an hour, those I wanted would be gone.

"*We're* starving," he said. "You'll have lunch with us, won't you? Now?"

"It's early," I said, glancing at his wife.

"Call it breakfast, then." He began guiding us both toward the buffet, his arms around our shoulders in a peasantlike bonhomie that was not like anything I remembered of him.

"The luggage, Poodlie," said his wife.

"He'll take it to the hotel."

"What hotel?"

"The biggest."

"Then it's there," I said, and pointed to an Alpine fortified castle, circa 1912, of yellowish stone, propped behind the street as if on a ledge.

"Good," he said. "Now our lunch."

THAT was how, on a cool bright day, just before the start of term, I saw Peter again.

In the dark buffet, Peter and his wife kept their glasses on. It seemed part of their personal decorum. Although the clock had only just struck twelve, the restaurant was nearly filled, and we were given a table between the serving pantry and the door. I understood that this was Peter,

even though he didn't look at all like the man I had known, and that I was sharing his table. I avoided looking at him. Across the room, over an ocean of heads, was an open window, geraniums, the mountains, and the sky.

"You have beautiful eyes," said Peter's wife. Her voice, like a ventriloquist's, seemed to come from the wrong place—from behind her sunglasses. "Poodlie never told me that. They look like topazes or something like that."

"Yes," said Peter. "Semiprecious stones from the snow-capped mountains of South America."

He sounded like a pompous old man.

His English was smooth as cream now, and better than mine. I spoke it with too many people who had accents. Answering a question of his wife's, I heard myself making something thick and endless out of the letter "t": "It is crowded because it is Sunday. Tourists come for miles around. The food in the buffet is celebrated."

"We'll see," said Peter, and took the long plastic-covered menu with rather an air.

His wife was attentive to me. Parents of pupils always try to make me eat more than I care to, perhaps thinking that I would be less intractable if I were less thin. "*Your daughter* is not only a genius but will make a brilliant marriage," I am supposed to say over caramel cake. I let myself be coaxed by Peter's wife into having a speciality of the place—something monstrous, with boiled meat and dumplings that swam in broth. Having arranged this, she settled down to her tea and toast. As for Peter—well, what a performance! First he read the whole menu aloud and grimaced at everything; then he asked for a raw onion and a bunch of radishes and two pots of yoghurt, and cut up the onions and radishes in the yoghurt and ate the whole mess with a spoon. It was like the frantic exhibition of a child who has been made uneasy.

"He isn't well," said his wife, quite as though he weren't there. "He treats it like a joke, but you know, he was in jail after the Budapest uprising, and he was so badly treated that it ruined his stomach. He'll never be the same again."

He did not look up or kick me under the table or in any manner ask me not to betray him. It occurred to me he had forgotten I knew. I felt my face flushing, as if I had been boiled in the same water as

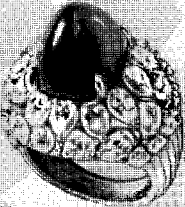


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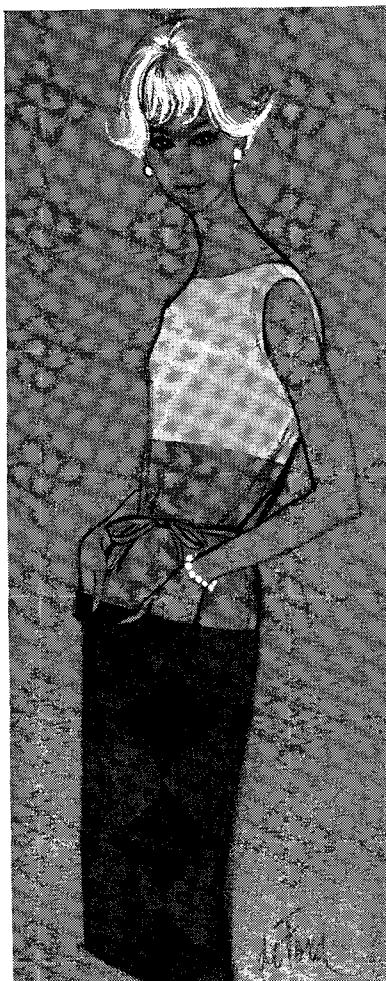
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the beef and dumplings. I thought I would choke. I looked, this time with real longing, at the mountain peaks. They seem so near in the clear weather that sometimes innocent foot travelers set off thinking they will be there in three-quarters of an hour. The pockets of snow looked as if they could have been scooped up with a coffee spoon. The cows on the lower slopes were the size of thimbles.

"Do you ski at this time of year?" said Peter's wife, without turning to see what I was staring at.

"One can, but I don't go up any more. There's an hour-and-a-half walk to the middle station, and the road isn't pleasant. It's all slush and mud." I thought they would ask what "the middle station" meant, but they didn't, which meant they weren't really listening.

When I refused a pudding, Peter said, with his old teasing, "I told you she was frugal. Her father was a German professor at Debrecen, the Protestant university."

"So was yours," said his wife sharply, as though reminding him of a truth he forgot from time to time.

"It never affected me," said Peter, smiling.

"That's where you met, then," said his wife, taking her eyes from me at last.

"No," said Peter. "We were only children then. We met when we were grown up, at the University of Lausanne. It was a coincidence, like meeting today. Erika and I will probably meet—I don't know where. On the moon."

It is difficult enough to listen to someone lying without looking shocked, but imagine what it might be to be part of the fantasy; his lies were a whirlwind, and I was at the core, trying to recognize something familiar. We met in Lausanne; that was true. We met on a bench in the public gardens. I told him I had lived in Hungary and could speak a few sentences of Hungarian still. He was four years younger than I. I told him about my father in Debrecen, and that we were Germans, and that my father had been shot by a Russian soldier. I said I was grateful for Switzerland. He told me he was a half Jew from Budapest and had been ill-used. His life had been saved in some remarkable way by a neutral embassy. He was grateful, too.

He was the first person to whom I had ever spoken spontaneously and without reserve. We met every day for ten days, and when he wanted to leave Switzerland because he thought it would be better somewhere else and would not

Big-Daddy of Waters

In Mark Twain's 'loving eyes' it was "the great Mississippi ... the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi."

A visiting Charles Dickens, on the other hand, said he couldn't find words ugly enough to describe "this enormous ditch ... running liquid mud at six miles an hour."

Point of View

Both men were right, of course, and their diverging assessments would be just as valid today; for the Mississippi, over its 2,348 miles, has as many faces as it has bends. Life along the river's course is a study in contrasts. And it's this world—from the rice marshes of Minnesota to the Louisiana bayous—that David Brinkley will be exploring Sunday night, February 2, in NBC News' full-hour color special, "Our Man on the Mississippi." No travelogue, this. (There'll be no steamboat slowly sinking in the west at fade-out.) Instead, viewers will be shown how life along the Mississippi has changed. The great shipyards, elegant mansions and luxury boats have all but disappeared. Today, power craft and water-skiers zip past ancient, shore-bound

paddle-wheelers. River rats have given way to beatniks. Even the raging floods (which once gushed regularly and madly across newsreel screens) have—thankfully—been corseted into obedience.

Yet, in many ways, the people of the river country are as colorful as ever. Brinkley interviewed one Southern politico who lights his cigars with a lighter that plays "Dixie." And even Mark Twain never had the good fortune to bump into a character who earns part of his livelihood by trapping grasshoppers he later sells as bait.

This last chap, as the special will show, has attached a trough-like contraption to the front bumper of his ancient

Ford. In a 15-minute romp through a weedy field, the car can collect as many as 2,000 of the insects, few of whom ever dreamed there was a Ford in their future.

There is, to be sure, more money in Southern cotton than in grasshoppers, as will be evidenced in Brinkley's visit to the Arkansas' vast Wilson fields, across the river and about 40 miles from Memphis.

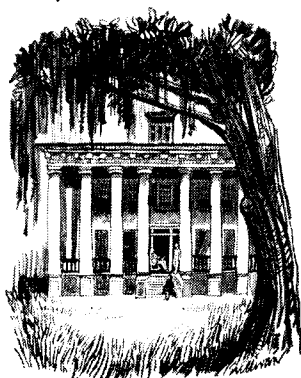
Famed as America's largest family-owned plantation, the 30,000 acres are serviced by some 1,100 employees.

Despite the existence of such enterprises, the economy of the Mississippi valley is not nearly what it was. Today the river's strongest commodity is nostalgia. The February 2 special, produced by Ted Yates and Stuart Schulberg, will be evoking much of that nostalgia.

Yesterday's Giant

Brinkley will be examining a waterway that once meant boom towns, fur companies, showboats, rich timber lands, and noisy gambling casinos. Its very name continues to conjure up a uniquely American era.

In actuality, the Mississippi is something else again. As Coproducer Ted Yates puts it, "Most of the river's new things are ugly, including the drug store cowboys, the oil refineries and the housing developments. And the things that are old and beautiful are chipped and poor." Be that as it may, in terms of the American saga, the Mississippi is much more than a twisting meandering landmark. It is an endless stream of consciousness.



Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.

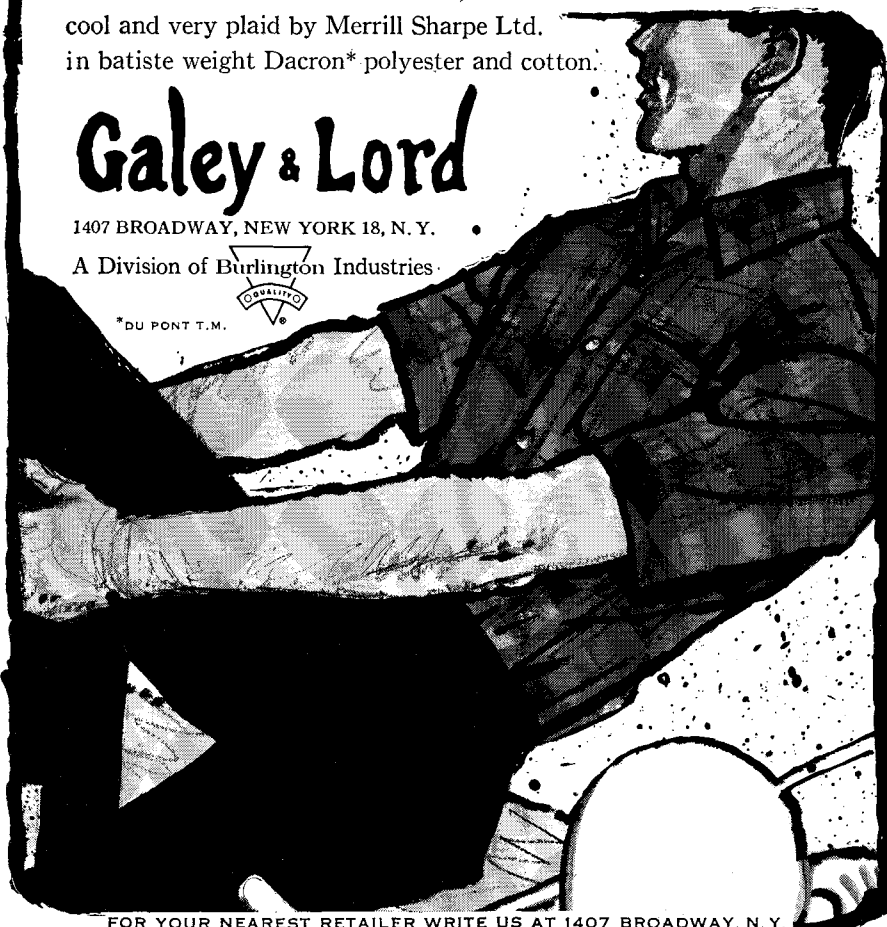
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go without me, I did not think twice. The evening lamps went on in the park where we were sitting, and I thought that if I did not go with him I would suffer every evening for the rest of my life, every time the lamps were lit. To avoid suffering, I went with him. Yet when I told my father's old friends, the people who had taken me in and welcomed me and kept me from starving, I said it was my duty. I said it was Peter who could not live without me. It is true I would never have gone out of Switzerland, out to the wilderness, but for him. My father had friends at the University of Lausanne, and although after the war some were afraid, because the wind had shifted, others took me in when I was seventeen and homeless and looked after me until I could work. I was afraid of telling about Peter. In the end, I had to. I quoted something my father had once said about duty, and no one could contradict that.

It lasted only a short time, the adventure, and can be briefly and accurately remembered. Quickly, then: He had heard there was a special university for refugees in a city on the Rhine, and thought they might admit him. We lived in a hotel over a café, and discovered we were living in a brothel. The university existed, but its quota was full. We were starving to death. We were so attractive a couple, so sympathetic-looking, that people dulled with eating looked at us fondly. We strolled along the Rhine and looked at excursion boats. "Your duty is always before you, plain as that," my father had said, pointing with his walking stick to some vista or tree or cloud. I do not know what he was pointing at—something in his mind.

Because of Peter I was on a sea without hope of landing anywhere. It grew on me that he had been jealous of my safety and had dragged me beyond my depth. There had been floods—I think in Holland—and money was being collected for the victims. Newspapers spoke of "Rhine solidarity," and I was envious, for I had solidarity with no one now. It took me time to think things out, for I had no illusions about my intelligence, and I wondered finally why I did not feel any solidarity with Peter. I loved him, but together we would starve or drown.

"You can't stay here," said the owner of the hotel one day. "It isn't safe for refugees. We have the police in too often."

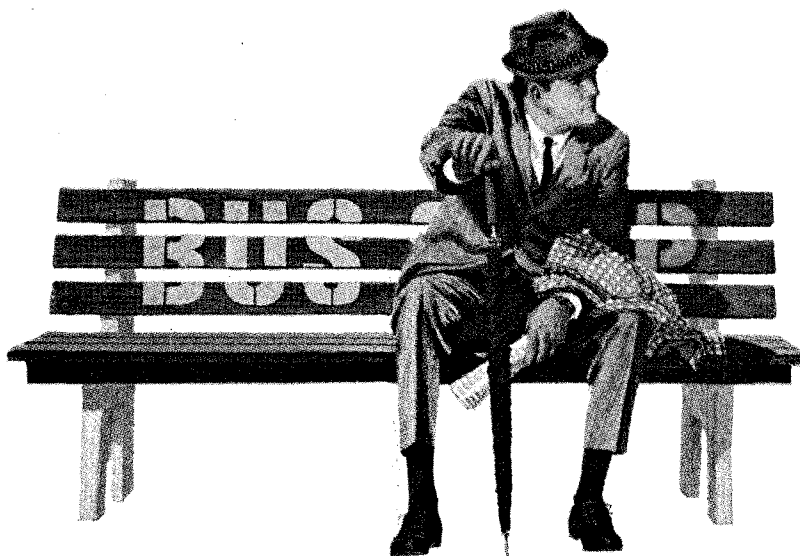
"We can't move," said Peter. "My wife is ill." But that did not give me a feeling of solidarity, for I was not his wife, and he was a person who would



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Sure, he had his for-men-only reasons. Output in the standard engine is up nearly 19 per cent this year—to 95 hp. (And in the new Monza Spyder models it's a virile 150 hp.)

He also had a knowledgeable appreciation of Corvair's steering, cornering and rear-engine traction. Things his wife really couldn't be expected to be interested in.

Tidy styling and tasteful (she called them "chic") interiors—that's all that concerned her.

Or so our bench warmer thought. Until he began

counting his commuter tokens one day.

The point is that the same things he liked about the car—its spirit, the ease with which it turns and parks, the way it grips on ice, mud and snow—his wife liked too. Maybe even more so.

Matter of fact, it's sometimes occurred to us that if we built a car for women only we probably couldn't make it more to their liking than this one. Couple of us married fellows were talking about that at the bus stop just the other day....
Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



keep moving from one place to another.

He never told the same story twice, except for some details. He said he was picked up and deported when he was ten or twelve. He was able to describe the Swiss or Swedish consulate where they tried to save him. In his memories, the person who hid him was always different. Sometimes he said it was a peasant, sometimes a fat woman who shut him in a cupboard. The forced march must have been true. Someone—he did not say who—was working on his behalf. He hinted he was illegitimate, and that a person of noble birth, who did not wish to be known, was his protector. It is true that sometimes in the marches from Budapest to the border one person in the column was saved, if the order came through in time. It was often at night. The column stopped by the side of the road, and the torches, hooded because of the air raids, moved from face to face. One night, the light picked out an old man who would have died soon in any case, and Peter. He could not see his deliverers—he saw the light moving from face to face. The light was lowered. He tried to hide, but they spoke his name. He thought the light meant an execution. He was taken away in a car, back to Budapest, and in the car was comforted with chocolates. These were the details he repeated: the light on his face, the voice saying his name, and the chocolates. Sometimes, being boastful, he said he was active in the Arrow Cross Party; but he was a victim, and a child. Once, he said he was poor and had sold papers in the street to pay for his shoes. But he was such a liar. He may have been poor, or he may have been from a solid family who lost him along the way; but it was not a Protestant family, and his father was not a professor at Debrecen. Also, he was not in Budapest during the uprising in 1956. He was in a city on the Rhine, starving, with me.

We stood at the foot of the cathedral in this city one day. We had nothing to eat and nothing to do. I could not understand why Peter had brought me here or what he wanted now. He urged me to write my father's old friends in Lausanne, or to my aunt in Paris, but I was proud, and ashamed that he would ask such a thing. I think he believed I was a magic solution just in myself. He lived in a fantasy of false names, false fortunes, false parents, and here was a reality of expired visas and dry bread he could not explain away.

"Goethe climbed to the top of this cathedral to cure himself of vertigo. You should try it," Peter said.

"Oh, Goethe would," I said, and



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II
FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

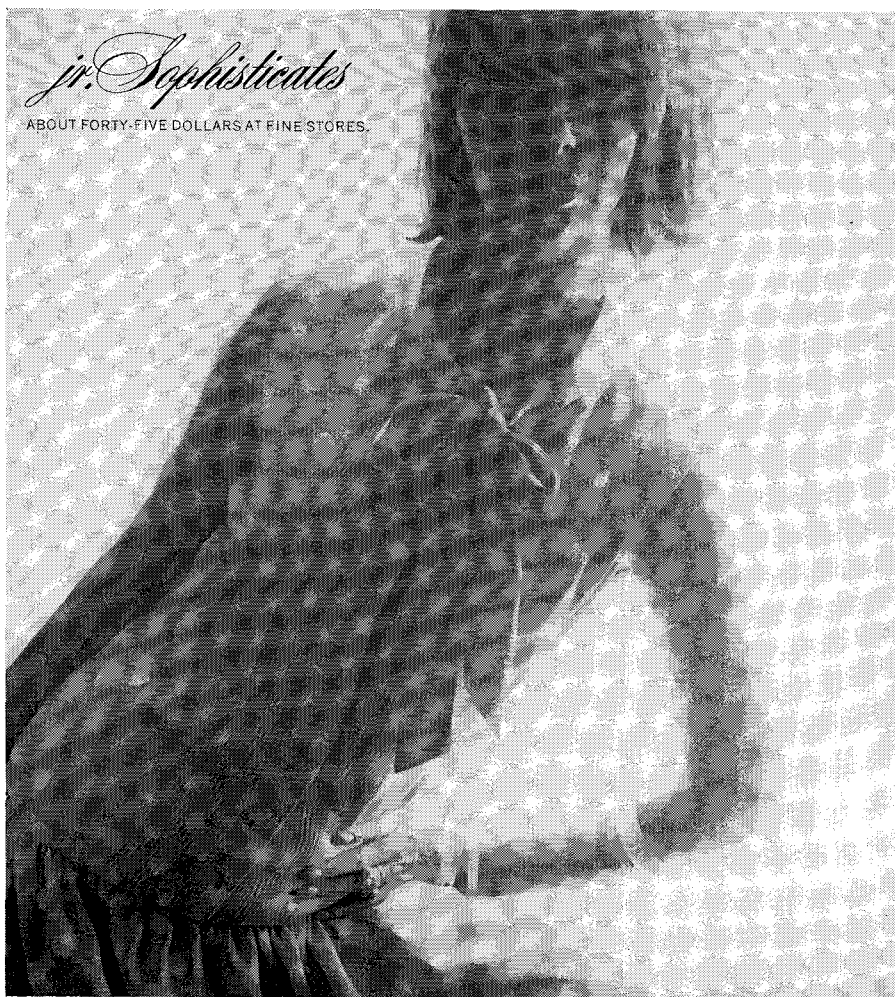
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that was the only thing that autumn that made Peter laugh. We climbed and climbed, and looked down at matchbox cars. I felt vertigo, and was surprised he did not. I held out my arms to receive him if he fainted—I was so sure he would not stand this—but he stood smiling down with no intention of toppling over. Below was the sweet nursery world, nursery-sized, with toy trams and toy people. It smiled back at him; he was its lord, at least from up here. My world was my size, and often bigger. I was afraid of the shrunken world as he saw it; he made me unsteady. I left him that day. He went alone to the post office to see if there were phantom letters from ghost friends, and I made myself as tidy as I could and went to my own consulate with a plausible story. And that was the last Peter saw of me, until Peter, or Poodlie, called my name at the station.

I don't know what he remembered. He had taken my family as his, and expected me to smile. Actually, I did. I made him a present of my family. But by now he must have believed that whatever came into his head was true, for he did not thank me—neither then nor later. I leaned over the table and said, "I see what is making the difference. It is the dark glasses." He immediately took them off, but I saw that I still did not recognize him.

An excursion party now trooped into the buffet. Their accents were, I think, industrial England over, I think, Viennese. One of the women smeared thick white cream on her sunburned arms. "Let's finish and pay and get out of here," said Peter's wife, sharply. I stared at him then, but his face showed nothing. He did not add or contribute. It might have had nothing to do with him. She slipped him folded money so that he could pay the bill. I tried to think, but they had stuffed me with food. I clung to one idea: no one would get me out of Switzerland again, as he once had to a city on the Rhine, as my old aunt had got me to Paris. Each time I returned I was wounded, or had failed. Outside the station, I stopped at the kiosk, but of course my newspapers were gone.

The next afternoon, I sat in the lobby of their hotel. His wife now looked through the windows to the station, as if afraid of missing the train out. She poured tea from a leaky pot, and passed chocolate biscuits, shell-shaped, in a thin coating of sugar. They were Poodlie's favorites; she was sorry he wasn't here. She poured with a tense, strong hand—I admired the long fin-

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gers, and the short nails, on which the red was thickly spread. Absently but politely, she asked about my work, as if she were a headmistress interviewing me for a post.

I described flowers next to snow, and plants so perfect and minute, rooted on stone, that they must be like the algae on Mars.

"Oh, yes, edelweiss," she said.

He was a parcel posted without an address, and he had come to her. Now I heard her inviting me to join them. I heard the words "The twins would adore you, and he is a different person when you're there. I've never seen him so gay and happy as he was yesterday at lunch." He had put her up to it, and now he was out, walking around in the village, waiting for the barter to be completed. "He has talked about you such a lot," she said.

"What did he tell you?"

"Why, that you were a wonderful person. He said you had been so kind to him."

That part of it ended there. She explained that Peter was walking, not in the village, as I had supposed, but somewhere up a mountain. He had gone up in a cable car. "I didn't bring the right clothes," she said. "We could drive somewhere, but we never do." It was the only sign of her discontent. The person she had gone to consult when she contemplated this marriage—a rapid psychotherapy, she explained—had warned her not to take over too many head-of-the-family functions from a young husband. That meant, among other things, that she was never to drive the car. But Poodlie was too wild to drive. She gave him cars, but could not trust him to drive them. I thought of him wandering along a steep, windy slope now, not knowing how to keep a foothold in his slippery shoes. He was up above the village in his dark suit and dark glasses and shoes. How could she let him go that way—as if he were lost or had strayed from the towns? He was alone, shivering (no one had told him how cold it would be), dreaming and inventing things to be remembered.

I did not meet her children, but I saw her with them in a tearoom: two plump girls of about fourteen, in clay-colored tights and long pullovers that covered their sturdy hips. They were not girls I had ever seen before. They looked sullen there in the dark shop, which was suffocating with the smell of chocolate. They were choosing éclairs, pointing, discontented and curt. Their school had not yet taught them man-

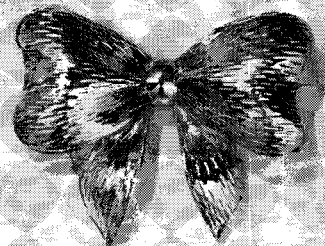
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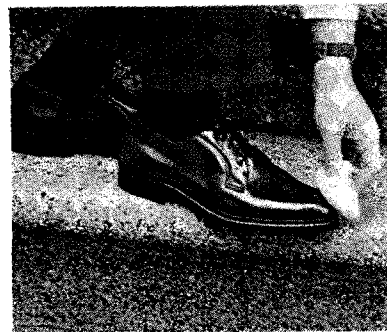
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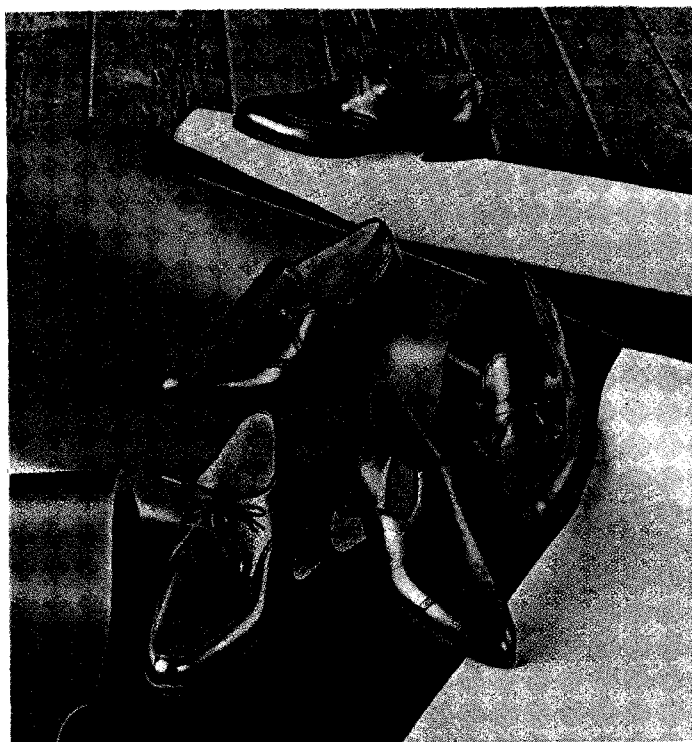
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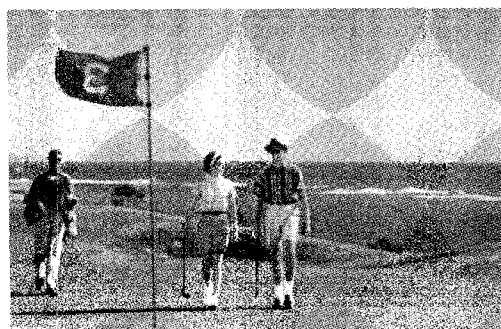
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ners, and their mother, with a stiff smile on her lips and her sunglasses hiding her opinion, could see only the distance between what they were and what they ought to be. She was not an educator. The girls' clumsiness was a twist of the spirit, a sprain. She watched them choose and eat, and I thought how much time she spent watching people choose and eat their food. She removed the glasses and rubbed the space between her eyes. She saw me, and her glance meeting mine almost begged something. Information? Advice? She had the psychotherapy for advice, and she had Peter to tell her stories. Perhaps she wanted me to change my mind about going with them. He must have asked for me, as he asked for cars she would not let him drive because he broke them.

It would have been easy for her to make me believe my choices were wrong, but it would have been another matter to make me change my mind. Once when she was busy with the twins, he came to me. He looked at the saucer full of moss and Alpine plants; and the shelf with tea and hard biscuits and cereal and powdered milk; and at my bed with its shabby cushions; and my walls decorated with photographs of snow and skiers—searching for something. He twitched a curtain as if it hid a view he liked and said, "It's all dirty green, like a customs inspector's uniform."

But I had travelled nearly as much as Peter, and over some of the same frontiers. He could not impress me. I think (like the remark about semiprecious stones and snow-capped mountains) it was a way of talking he had developed because it amused his wife. He knew it was no good talking about the past, because we were certain to remember it differently. He daren't be nostalgic about anything, because of his inventions. He would never be certain if the memory he was feeling tender about was true.

I watched him at the window—the town lad, hating the quiet. "What is that racket?" he said angrily. It was the stream running outside through the garden. There was also Coco, the donkey, braying in his enclosure. He would have preferred a deafening, continued, city noise. I remembered him on streets full of trams and traffic; I remembered the quick turn of his head. When I remembered the horror of the room over the café, I thought it had been the horror of living on a street.

The view here, after the long garden, was of the roof of the chalet farther

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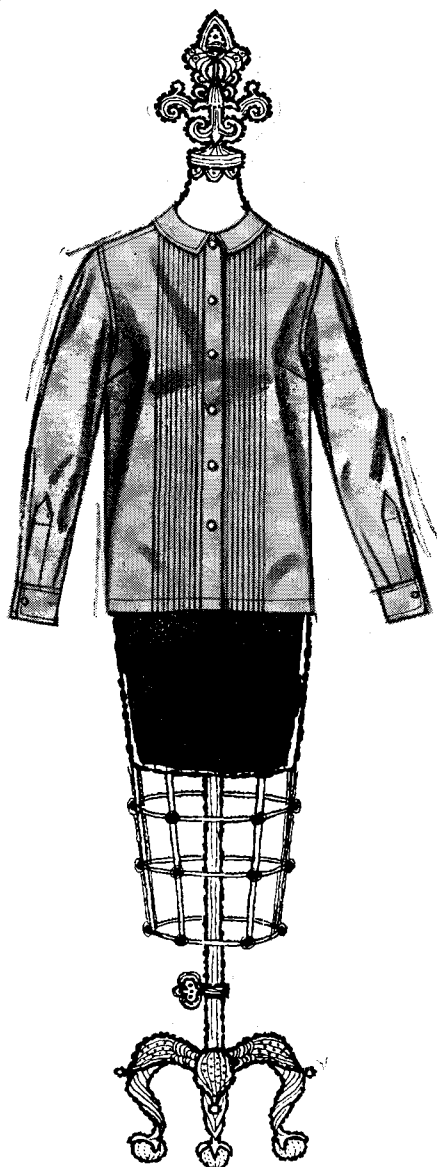
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down the slope. A crash: my bookshelf, containing "Wild Flowers of Germany," fell from the wall. The house shook.

He looked at the perpendicular, windless rain that had begun to fall. He turned back to the room; he was still searching. "You used to read," he said, still in pursuit of something. I pointed to the floor. "Didn't you hear them fall?" He made a silly remark—I remember the sense of it, not the words. He could not trust me, because I had once run away, vanished, but as he had long ago fabricated something else, he could not remember why he could not trust me. The room grew dark. I served coffee in cups with "Liberté" and "Patrie" and a green-and-white shield of the Vaud on them. The parents of a pupil had bought them in Montreux for me once. He held his cup close to his eyes and read the words, and put it down without saying anything.

I said to myself that he was only a man about whom I had known a great deal and it was so long ago that much of it might have been told to me by someone else. Nostalgia is a weakness; he would be the one to indulge in it, if he dared. I had not gone to him out of duty and had not left him out of self-preservation. It was not that simple. I would have talked, for I knew he was waiting for me to scrape away the dreams and begin again with the truth, but I thought, I shall write him a letter. That will be easier. I shall write about everything, all of the truth.

THEY came up by train and they left by train—the little red train that has its start among the hotels and swimming pools along the lake. As neither of them could drive the other, they had to take the train. They were leaving the twins behind. The twins were happy, and the fresh air was doing them good. They were enrolled for the autumn term.

The first-class carriages of those trains look as if they had been built for miniature royal tours. There are oval satinwood panels and Art Nouveau iron roses. Some of the roses had iron worms eating their hearts. I imagine the artist meant something beautiful and did not know it was hideous. As you can imagine, the trains are beautifully polished. The panels gleam, and dust is not allowed to accumulate in the rose petals. The windows are clear for a view of cows and valleys, the ashtrays are emptied and polished, and the floors are swept. I like best the deep-rose velvet, with its pattern of brown leaves



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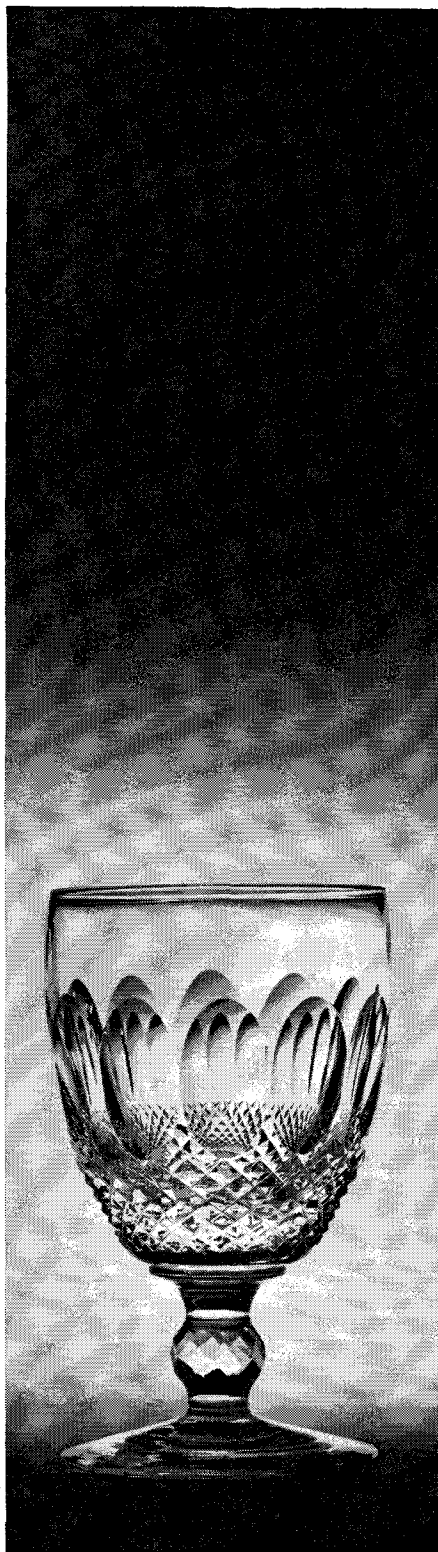
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and ferns, that covers the seats. It wears slowly; in some very worn places the color is light apricot and the palest lemon, and the pattern can scarcely be seen. Somewhere in storage, preserved from dust and the weather, are bales of the same velvet, and when a seat becomes too worn they simply patch it up again.

He would have stayed if I had wanted. Yes, Poodlie would have left Poodlie. He knew *I* would never go with them. I might have been for sale, but not to her. At a word of truth he would have stayed, if only to hear the rest. He would have made furious plans, and left such an imprint on this place that after his departure I could not have lived here any more. Or perhaps this time one of us would have stayed forever. These are the indecisions that rot the fabric, if you let them. The shutter slams to in the wind and sways back; the rain begins to slant as the wind increases. This is the season for mountain storms. The wind rises, the season turns; no autumn is quite like another. The autumn children pour out of the train, and the clouds descend the mountain slopes, and there we are with walls and a ceiling to the village. Here is the pattern on the carpet where he walked, and the cup he drank from. I have learned to be provident. I do not waste a sheet of writing paper, or a postage stamp, or a tear. The stream outside the window, deep with rain, receives rolled in a pellet the letter to Peter. Actually, it is a blank sheet on which I intended to write a long letter about everything—about Véronique. I have wasted the sheet of paper. There has been such a waste of everything; such a waste. —MAVIS GALLANT

The Murphy Oil Corp. will market a new method of dispensing gasoline which is designed to match a grade of gas with a specific horsepower of car engine.

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WHICH MAGAZINE D'YA READ?

The White House today has a wine cellar stocked with California products. —*Saturday Evening Post*, December 21, 1963.

The White House, for example, has no wine cellar. . . . When the President needs wine for a dinner, somebody from the White House staff goes out and buys it. —*Esquire*, January, 1964.



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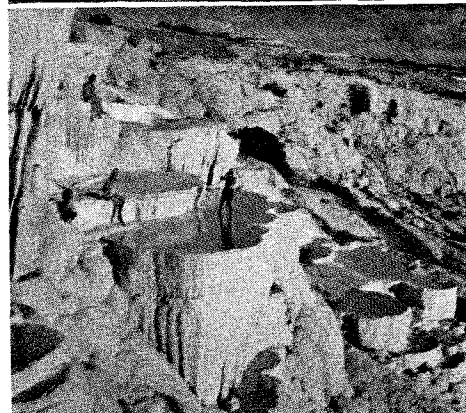
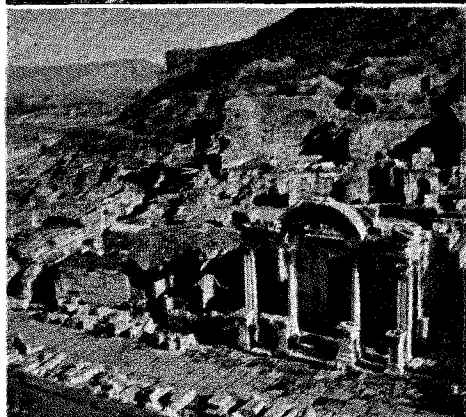
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MILLER ON MILLER

THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center has got under way with its first production—Arthur Miller's "After the Fall"—which is being exhibited at the recently completed ANTA Washington Square Theatre, the temporary headquarters of the Lincoln Center company. The theatre near the Square is certainly no model of orthodox theatrical architecture. It is a large amphitheatre sunk deep in the earth, and includes a multi-platformed stage that pushes right out into the audience, and from which tier after tier of seats precipitously rises. One needs to be sure-footed to reach one's seat from the ground level, but that's not much of a drawback, and I am happy to report that the acoustics are excellent. While I found the new theatre interesting, I was not engrossed by Mr. Miller's introductory offering. "After the Fall" is the playwright's first drama in nine years, and it is transparently autobiographical. It is also very long (three and a half hours), desultory, and garrulous. The program informs us that "the action of the play takes place in the mind, thought, and memory of Quentin, a contemporary man." This sort of proposition obviously gives an author all kinds of opportunities to meander about, and Mr. Miller takes full advantage of the privilege as he depicts a couple of love affairs, a couple of marriages, and the difficulties of renouncing Communism without betraying the identity of former Comrades to investigating bodies like the House Un-American Activities Committee. Betimes, Mr. Miller introduces the protagonist's parents, who bicker a good deal about money, and a brother, who is generous and self-sacrificing. The Quentin of the piece frequently addresses the audience

directly, as if it were a friend, and the language he employs on these occasions is often quite yeasty. For example, "Why is the world so treacherous? Shall we lay it all to mothers? You understand? The sickness is much larger than my skull; aren't there mothers who keep dissatisfaction hidden to the grave, and do not split the faith of sons until they go in guilt for what they did not do? And I'll go further—here's the final bafflement for me—is it altogether good to be not guilty for what another does?" These flights are sometimes otiose or mystifying, and Mr. Miller's scheme of having characters drift in and out of the action without regard to the chronology of their involvement with Quentin is unsettling. In the last half of "After the Fall," the playwright is mostly concerned with a girl called Maggie, who bears an acute resemblance to Marilyn Monroe, to

whom Mr. Miller was once married. I don't know about the ethics of bringing one's very recent marital life into public view in infinite detail, but it is during these scenes that Mr. Miller builds up a real head of dramatic steam, and somehow he makes Maggie a figure well worth our pity, despite the fact that she has no more conception of accepted morality than a cat, is drunk a lot of the time, and can be shrill and abusive when she doesn't get her way.

Jason Robards, Jr., is the Quentin of "After the Fall," and he is certainly to be congratulated on his durability; he's onstage all the time. Apart from Mr. Robards, the most conspicuous performer in the show is Barbara Loden, who is beautifully effective as Maggie. All kinds of other meritorious people appear in this production—so many, in fact, that to enumerate them would make this page look like a tear sheet from the telephone book. "After the Fall" was directed by Elia Kazan, and the production and lighting were supervised by Jo Mielziner. Mr. Miller's drama will run into February, and will be followed by O'Neill's "Marco Millions" and a new play, "But for Whom Charlie," by S. N. Behrman.

—JOHN McCARTEN



"Say, good behavior does pay off!"



GAY TIME... DAY TIME...

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Grand Spoof



GIAN CARLO
MENOTTI's
"The Last Savage,"
which had its Amer-
ican première at the
Metropolitan Opera
House on Thursday
evening of last week,
is, as you probably
know by now, an

opera about a girl anthropologist from Vassar who refuses to marry a maharajah's son (her father, a Chicago tycoon, thinks she should marry him, to consolidate the two families' fortunes) until she has captured a modern survival of *Pithecanthropus erectus* in the jungles of India and brought him home in triumph. She does capture a jungle Tarzan, but he is really a plant that the shrewd maharani (her favorite reading is the *Wall Street Journal*) has arranged in order to get on with the marriage. Once back in Chicago, the Vassar girl seduces, and falls in love with, her anthropological specimen, who, having tasted some of the benefits of our modern civilization, wants to go home to the jungle. The maharajah's son turns out to be a forgotten illegitimate child of the Chicago tycoon, so the planned marriage is now out of the question, and, to wind things up, the Vassar girl follows the wild man back to his jungle, arranging, however, to have a bathtub, a refrigerator, and a television set sent along after her. Meanwhile, the maharajah's son has won the girl he was in love with all the time—a graceful lady in a sari, named Sardulla—and everybody is happy, except possibly the maharajah and his friend the tycoon.

This is all, obviously, a little contrived, but neat contrivance has always been one of the features of *opera buffa*, and that is the kind of opera that Menotti has written. One might thoughtlessly compare the work to a musical show, since it is as amusing as most of the musical shows one sees. But an *opera buffa* is different. It is marked by a subtlety of musical workmanship never encountered on Broadway, and it demands singers with extraordinary voices. "The Last Savage" qualifies on both counts, and is therefore a genuine opera. Melodies cascade from the stage and surge up from the orchestra pit. There are reminiscences of Prokofieff

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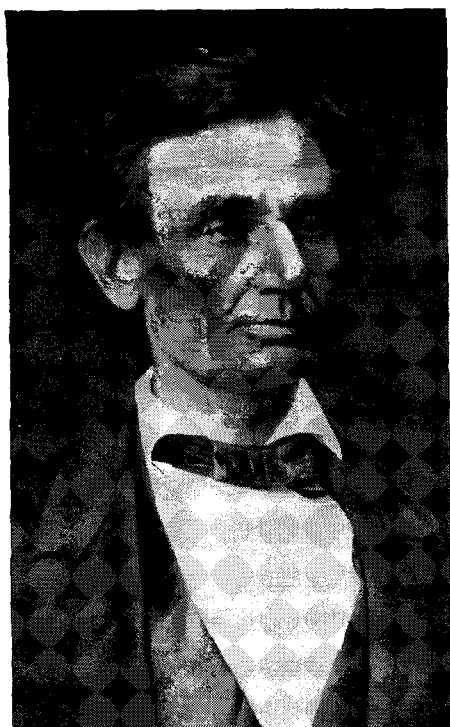
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—GEORGE SANTAYANA

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Some Programs of Special Interest

IX Winter Olympic Games
Daily, from Innsbruck, Austria.
February 1-10 (various times)

Our Man on the Mississippi
David Brinkley presents an up-to-date view of life along the river from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico.
Sunday, February 2 (10-11 PM)

Cuba: Two Critical Phases in Foreign Policy
Bay of Pigs: Tuesday, February 4 (10-11 PM)
The Missile Crisis: Sunday, Feb. 9 (10-11 PM)

Abe Lincoln in Illinois
Jason Robards, Jr. in Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play.
Wednesday, February 5 (7:30-9 PM)

Venus in Venice
Veronese's *Mars and Venus United* is examined from a variety of viewpoints.
Sunday, February 9 (4-5 PM)

A Trip to the Moon
Dramatization from two novels by Jules Verne.
Wednesday, February 12 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Robin Hood

A new production of the children's classic.
Saturday, February 15 (12-1 PM)

Pontius Pilate's Points of View
Dramatized adaptation of a story by Claudel.
Sunday, February 16 (2-2:30 PM)

Science All-Stars
A space-capsule gyroscope, heart-lung machine, and remote-control electrocardiograph, exhibited by their teen-aged builders.
Sunday, February 16 (4:30-5 PM)

Paris: A Story of High Fashion
Design and creation of a new collection.
Sunday, February 16 (10-11 PM)

The Story of John Brown
Drama of Harpers Ferry and the Trial.
Friday, February 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Discovery in Moscow
Life in the USSR as seen by children (Pt. I).
Sunday, February 23 (1-1:30 PM)

Young People's Concert
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Sunday, February 23 (5-6 PM)

Depressed Area, U.S.A.
A documentary study of Appalachia.
Sunday, February 23 (6-6:30 PM)

The Saga of Western Man: 1898
Emergence of the U.S. as a world power.
Saturday, February 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

* * *

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

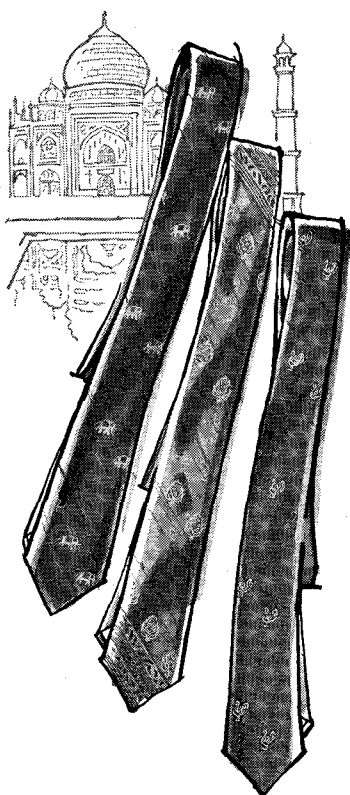
Fridays: The Great Adventure/That Was The Week That Was

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Discovery '64/Issues and Answers/Sunday/One of a Kind/Science All-Stars/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

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and Richard Strauss here and there, but that is only natural; there are reminiscences of Mozart in Schubert, too, and reminiscences of Beethoven in Liszt. "The Last Savage" also contains feats of virtuosity in musical composition, such as the complicated fugue that builds up in the orchestra and chorus at the height of the cocktail-party scene in Act II, and the more restrained fugue for the septet toward the end of the third, and last, act. And these fugues, mind you, are not of the childish sort written by the atonalists but are the real thing, where every note has its own complex relationships and tendencies. "The Last Savage" is Menotti's most elaborate opera to date. It is also a rewarding musical experience, a grand spoof, a delightful spectacle, and, I suspect, a hit. It points a couple of morals, which are perhaps self-evident: that women really rule the roost, and that while it would be nice to get away from the clutter of present-day mechanical and materialist culture, it can't be done.

The most amusing episode of the work is Act II, Scene 3, where the Vassar girl (her name is Kitty) throws the cocktail party I mentioned, to introduce her captive to the intellectual upper crust of the nation. The scene is laid in her father's penthouse in Chicago, but I must say that the details of the set look suspiciously like New York. From the ceiling dangles a caricature of those high-strung giant injector razor blades, by Richard Lippold, which are said to enhance the beauty of the lobby of Philharmonic Hall. Beneath them, Kitty presents her wild man (his name is Abdul) to the clergy, the press, representatives of the political and military establishments, a leading philosopher, a leading physician, a group of indistinguishable blond debutantes, and some figures of fashion in the arts. Among these last are a painter who paints with a chain, the pulling of which suffuses a blank canvas with an automatic abstraction; a poet who, in reciting one of his creations, proclaims, "I! I! I am me. And me is I;" and a composer of "electrododecaphonic" music, armed with a tape recorder and accompanied by three instrumentalists and a singer, who perform his serial composition. After contemplating all this, our noble savage wants out, and, tearing down the pseudo-Lippold sculpture on the way, he disappears until Kitty finds him safe and sound in his jungle in the last act. This sort of satire is, of course, pretty broad. Menotti is saying, in effect, that the revolution in the arts one hears

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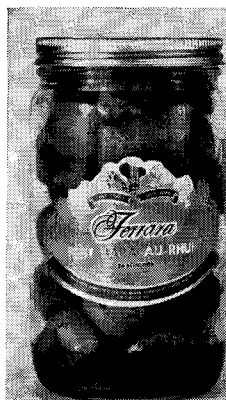
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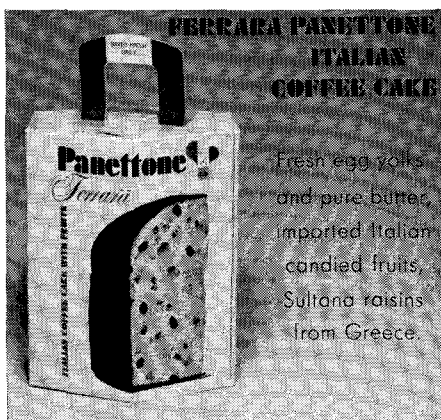
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so much about is merely an illusion perpetrated by pious frauds, and that "modern" music, "modern" painting, and "modern" poetry are spinach. Such an indiscriminate frontal assault on the whole range of current artistic fashion is bound to outrage some people, and at the end of the performance the other night a number of true believers, including a couple of my fellow-critics, left the auditorium with their blue noses in the air. As for me, I found the whole thing hilarious.

But there is more than hilarity in this opera. Menotti is one of music's surviving humanists—and I don't believe that he will turn out to be the last of the species. There are some tender arias in the work, notably the one sung by Sardulla in the last act; there is a stunningly original jungle interlude, played by the orchestra while Kitty is on her expedition, between the two scenes of the first act; and the whole thing is full of the musico-dramatic skill that is uniquely Menotti's. Moreover, the production is visually charming almost beyond belief. Beni Montresor's scenery and costumes are the freshest and least pompous that I have seen at the Metropolitan in years—clearly the work of a gifted graphic artist who is equally at home in Rajputana and in the American megapolis. Under Mr. Menotti's own direction, the large cast carried on, on the opening night, with just the proper amount of farce. Thomas Schippers conducted with great spirit, and the singing of all the roles was in the most capable hands. I couldn't understand a word that Roberta Peters sang, as Kitty, until the last act, when, for some mysterious reason, her diction seemed to improve, but she acted the part perfectly, and punched out her high notes and coloratura arpeggios with masterly marksmanship. Morley Meredith, in the role of Kitty's father, was a model of fine English enunciation, as well as of nearly everything else. George London, as the wild man, flexed his muscles, roared, chewed on a plastic bone in his cage, and later melted into the ideal lover, and Teresa Stratas was enchanting as Sardulla. Nicolai Gedda was the maharajah's heir, and while his one big aria seemed to me one of the score's weak points, he sang it splendidly. Ezio Flagello and Lili Chookasian, as the maharajah and his obscenely fat maharani, were superb, and every one of the minor characters was admirably portrayed. All in all, "The Last Savage," in this production, is something to see and hear, and I recommend it to you heartily. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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as Julius Caesar



as Canio in *I Pagliacci*



as Calaf in *Turandot*

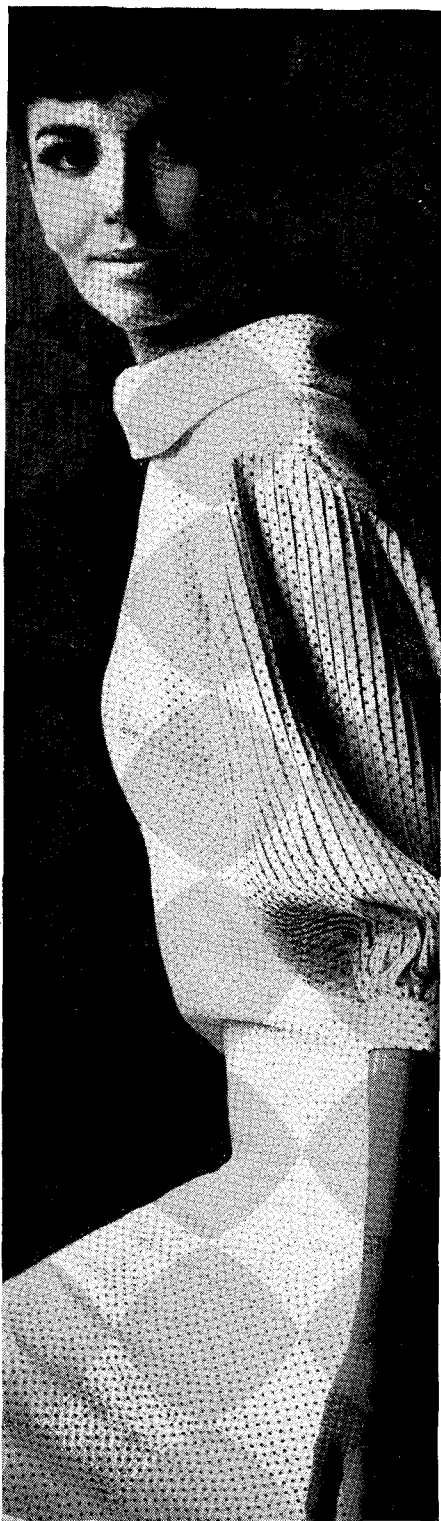
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THERE are just two ways about it. If you're going to wear the current resort and cruise clothes or the oncoming summer fashions, you'd better be either shapeless or else shapely to a showgirl degree to be considered U. Everywhere, at every price, there are—for semi-shapelessness—modified beach or street muu-muus (now called "shifts") that fall straight down the body. (In the upper cost brackets, though, they do have inside seams that hint at high busts and more curves toward the waist than they did last year.) The astonishing Lilly, once known as Lilly Pulitzer of Palm Beach, has mildly reorganized her oblong street- or formal-length shifts with decorated slits at the sides (they've been a Palm Beach rage) and made them a tiny bit more form-fitting, several of them almost princesses in style. (They're at Lord & Taylor.) Sometimes this is done with a band of white cotton braid down each side and curving inward amidships. There's more braid around the wide, curved necklines and up those slits. From \$30 to \$90 is what one pays for Lilly's worldly informality. Her beautiful cottons are the major part of the deal. But innovation is in general not important this season; the clothes that are status quo are still considered the status symbols. At the other end of the scale from the muu-muus, bikinis are rampant, most of them with panties cut way up on the sides, and some of them high enough to cover the umbilicus, but I did notice that infinitesimal hipster or triangular diaper arrangements that don't do any such thing are even more prevalent than they used to be. Rose Marie Reid, once the most ladylike of bathing-suit designers, has done a bikini of white *kid* (nothing in lizard yet, but wait!) that is the meagrest I've seen (Saks Fifth Avenue).

But despite all the exposure involved in these, I think that the most tantalizing thing in town is a bathing suit done by Harbor Road for Lord & Taylor. Of dead-white crêpe-surfaced cotton-and-synthetic, it looks for all the world as if, caught in the shower, you'd hastily grabbed a medium-sized bath towel and wrapped it around you. No straps, and it appears ready to fall off any minute. This is just come-on, though; a complete Warner foundation of Lycra holds

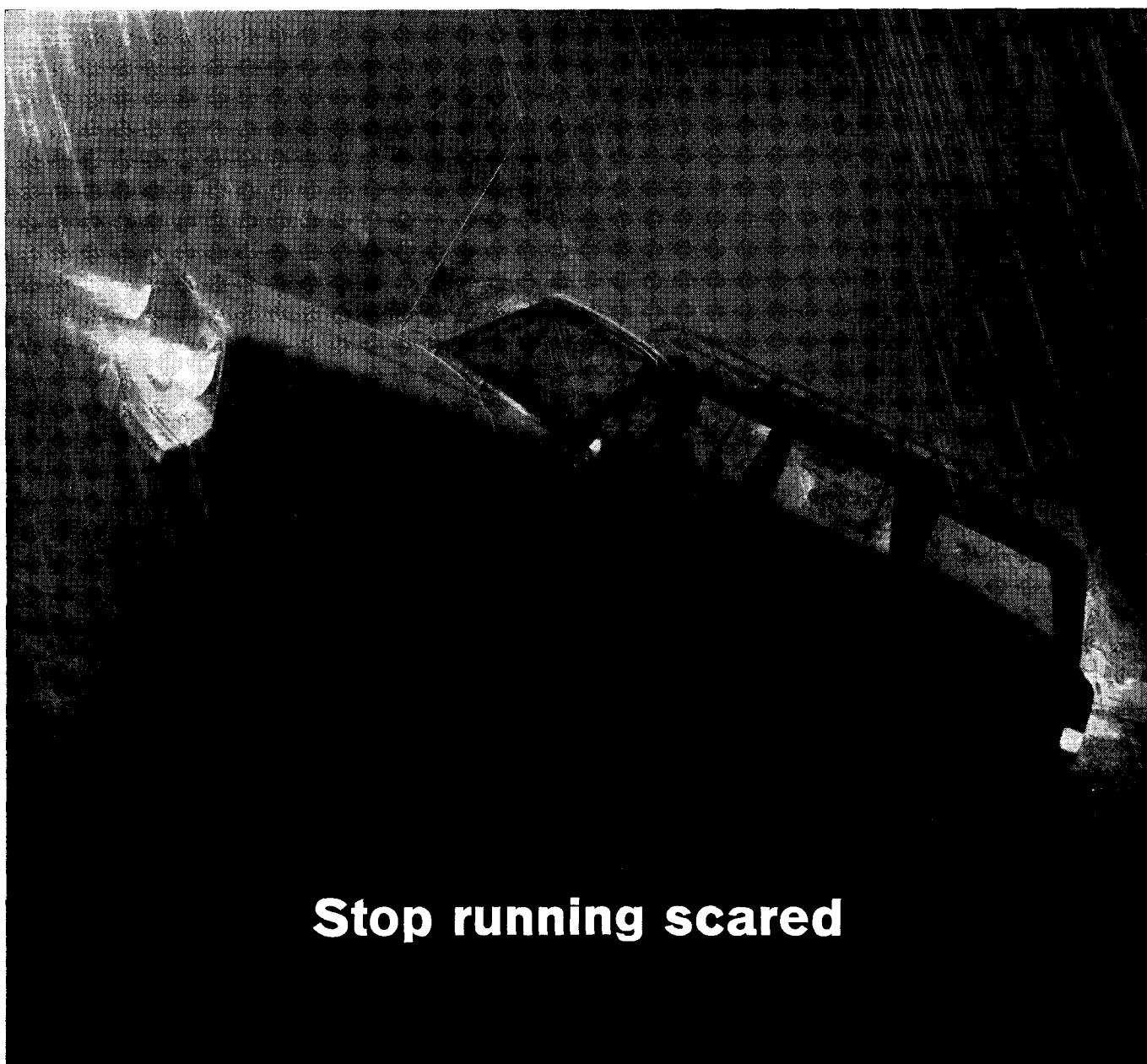
you in and the suit firmly in place. It's \$26, and it gives the lie to the notion that American women are conservative, for it's a hit already. Still, except for treats like this, I've been seeing mainly shift after shift and bikini after bikini. But *look* at the marvellous prints, the buyers cry, and I must agree;

from Gauguin to delicate lingerie-type garlands, prints have never been more fit to print.

Among the few new phenomena (in fabric, that is) is the use of heavy white cotton lace (straight from what we used to call the uppity lace-curtain Irish) for very starched and effective swimming suits as well as for one-

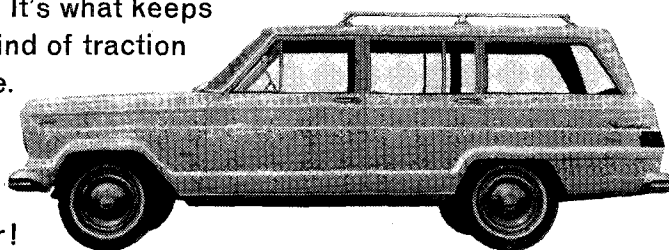
or two-piece dresses that have a really formal air. Robert Sloan is the author of a good many of these, which are to be found all around. For sports, Bendel has Sloan separates in a big diamond pattern that he favors—a loose, cowl-necked shirt, plus briefs and slacks; the briefs are \$15, the shirt and slacks are \$30 apiece. And Catalina has dragged eyelet-embroidery white cotton out of Grandma's boudoir and plunked it (inappropriately, I think) not only on the beach but on the cruise-ship shuffle-board court. At Bendel, the stuff goes over pink or blue cotton to make a bikini with five ruffles on the bra and three on the minuscule panties, but you'll also find less revealing examples of eyelet around the shops. The Very End in femininity is a one-piece bathing suit by Rose Marie Reid (Saks Fifth Avenue and Bendel), and I'm afraid that it's called the Beach Bunny. It's of white wool and mohair with a halter top, no back, a V neck, and crystal buttons below that, and it's lined with baby-blue nylon. For a sharp contrast, there's the jungle look. Cole of California, the old champ (Saks Fifth Avenue is but one of his partisans), is now working on Helanca in emphatic snakeskin patterns in dark brown, gray, or green combined with white for one-piece suits with a V neck in front, a bit of lacing below this, and a V that goes to the waist in back. The maillot bottom is cut high at the sides, and that reminds me that I've seen practically no skirted numbers anywhere. His perennially famous bathing suit in his leopard print is cut the same way. A startler from France is of a velvety Helanca fabric, also in a Somali print. It's one-piece, and





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it's cut to the waist in back. It's also *reversible* (the other side is black), and tricky seams give it a nice bustline—a great alternative to those damned little bras that almost invariably get deliberately ripped out of a suit. This is \$36, and only Saks has it.

THERE are any number of departments on Altman's third floor, and all the things I am about to discuss are in one or another of them. In the starched-cotton-lace category is a short evening sheath by Heiler with a double row of long V-shaped petals around the oval neckline. Loomtogs employs white lace with a bright-yellow lining for both long and short dresses with sheer bloused sleeves, and they can be belted high or low or not at all. Junior Sophisticates, which deals in junior sizes (naturally), makes an easily curving skimp of black or white linen with spaghetti straps and covered with white lace. A high-necked sleeveless bolero-length pullover can drop over it for daytime. From Altman's own Elizabeth James of Dublin comes a coat dress of heavy white linen, self-belted at its low waistline and buttoned all the way down the front; \$100. Altman's also has one of the best all-purpose raincoats around, from Originala, of off-white cavalry twill. Three brass buttons under the turnover collar, deep raglan sleeves, and an A-line skirt is how you'll recognize it. It's \$250, but oh, my! Then, Altman's has cornered a new house called Bizarrré, whose lace sheaths represent another raid on Grandma's room. This time it's her white bedspread that has been cut up. These sheaths have been given a deep double ruffle at the hem, Norell style, that involves both red-and-white and blue-and-white checked gingham. Bizarrré's suit of oyster linen with a vertical navy pin stripe has six brass buttons parading down the front and navy-and-red braid going across the tops of the side pockets. Well, these are just a few highlights in a stupendous collection.

UP Fifth Avenue a way, Lord & Taylor's elevators are ascending to a fifth floor abounding in sports dinguses and de-luxe dresses. Among the dresses is a big supply of the Lillys I've already talked about. One brand-new Lilly approach is of checked gingham (black and white, pink and white, or orange and white), with really flaring sleeves and cotton-lace banding around the neck and up those side slits; \$35. And there's the Lilly hat, already a uniform down in Palm Beach—cotton in a bunch of solid colors, stitched

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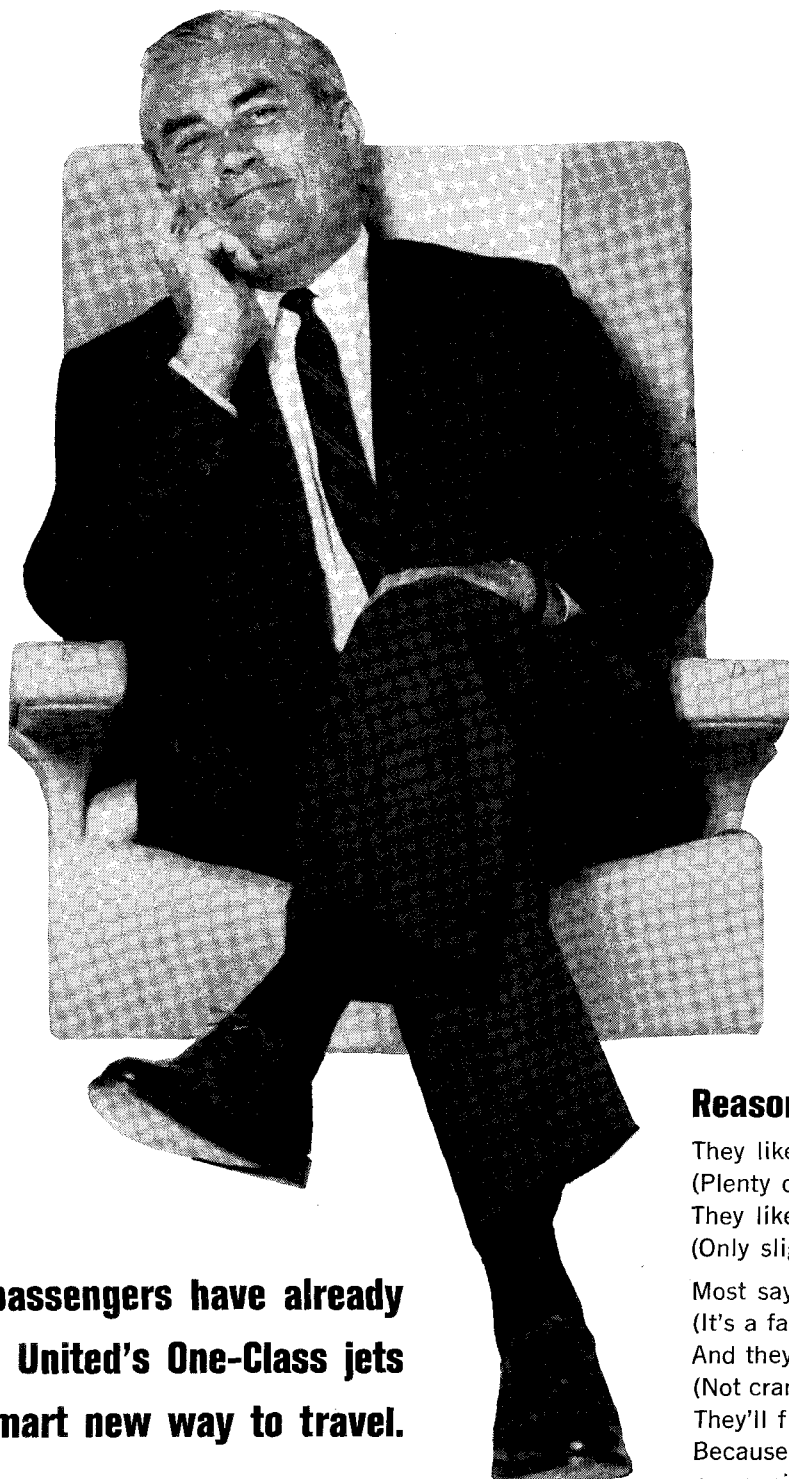
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all over in half-inch bands so that it can be worn any which way. It has a deep, square crown and a widish brim that can flop or turn back; \$13. As for shifts, L. & T. owns virtual museum pieces by Lydia de Roma (\$175 to \$450), of Siamese silk, with massed embroidery in a crewel sort of stitch and in sensational colors. Sometimes the embroidery occurs on the sleeves and all over the skirt from the high waistline down; sometimes the Empire top and the sleeves are embroidered; sometimes the whole works is. Limes and pinks and magentas jumble joyously all over the things. In a more down-to-earth mood, Lydia uses peasantry cottons. A white tablecloth one in an intricate Jacquard pattern makes, for \$50, a coat dress with a band collar and pearl buttons to the hem; gingham in a combination of white and any one of a number of colors (red, blue, yellow, and all that) makes, for \$25, a dress with an enormous applied white bib front, white cuffs, and a single button at the little band neckline. A brand-new venture is the mounting of chiffon on China silk, which Dynasty of Hong Kong is doing. I have a phobia about most Chinese dresses, but this Dynasty scheme is delectable technique. Further delights are the result of flying to Hong Kong an Italian silk that looks like serge. It comes, after Colony Classics has had its way with the stuff, to Lord & Taylor in dress form, with lots of tiny hand piping and other detail. L. & T.'s beloved Emilio Pucci, whom the shop found in the Italian bulrushes many years ago, has for ages been doing dresses of silk matte jersey that you can jam into a coat pocket. The most popular model, with long sleeves, a high waist, and a square neck, now also appears in a cotton batiste with a kaleidoscope pattern; \$80. A *really* new experiment of Pucci's is chiffon with border prints, which he maneuvers into dresses so skillfully that the Empire tops seem to be in a print pattern that is not at all like the design that descends in diagonal lines below. One mingles pale blues, navy, and yellow; \$135. That falling-off bathing suit is not the only Harbor Road contribution to the sports department. Another is a staunch tank suit of navy Orlon with the inevitable maillot bottom and red and white stripes down the sides. There are many, many printed bikinis from Brigitte de Cannes, and sheer long shirts in prints to match. (What a mottled sunburn you'd get under *those!*) I prefer the Brigitte bikinis in a Gauguin sort of print (bright yellow is heavily involved), accompanied by similarly printed beach coats of terry with kimono sleeves. A yellow

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webbed belt wraps around and around these coats, which end just above the knees; \$65. Brigitte also thinks Bermuda shorts (\$45) in a heavy black cotton lace are just the thing for cocktails. (Everyone, I've been told, is entitled to her own opinion.) Brigrance is well represented here, as always. His one-piece bathing suit (\$23) of black synthetic jersey (Antron) is bravely cut out over the stomach and plunges to the waist in back. All in all, this gives it a two-piece look that is mighty daring. Brigrance also stands ready to make a lady out of you again by offering up a one-piece suit in a dizzy floral print with shoulder straps and a deeply pleated "skirt" that is really a culotte.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE has for its very own some inventions of a German house called Florex. The outstanding ones are casual below-hip-length jackets in a chenille kind of terry, velvety on the outside and nice and conventional on the inside; \$25. The sleeves are short. Bold prints or solid colors (orange, yellow, coral, and the inescapable white are among them) are the choices. Cole has made a special one-piece suit of synthetic stretch velvet with straps and a very low-cut back. Shocking, odd greens, and black are some of the hues, all of them solid; \$40. Someone else has supplied beach things of vividly printed Arnel sharkskin, such as a bathing suit (\$28) with a modified blouson top of acetate jersey to match the attached panties. The top is oval-necked, sleeveless, and bra-less, so you can add your own bra, which fits, presumably. Also of the sharkskin is a Kabuki coat (\$23) that reaches almost to the knees. The lingerie trend in resort clothes gets a boost here (though I'm not sure that it gets one from me) through the new firm of Sports Trio, because of a two-piece bathing suit of Dacron-and-cotton voile covered with horizontal bands, half an inch wide, of lace. This is shown in white, and there's a sash of jealous-green or coral voile. On the other side of the third floor are some of the most youthful hand-knit or hand-crocheted suits and dress-and-jacket outfits you'll discover in many a long day. They run from \$240 to \$310, but one can travel happily in them forever and ever. Some of them have round collars and are done in silk-and-rayon ribbon crochet—occasionally in two shades of lilac, the darker shade making the edging. Others are in luggage and white, or silver Lurex and white, or two shades of green, and so on. (All through the resort department, for that matter, there is plenty of variety, and on top of that they have

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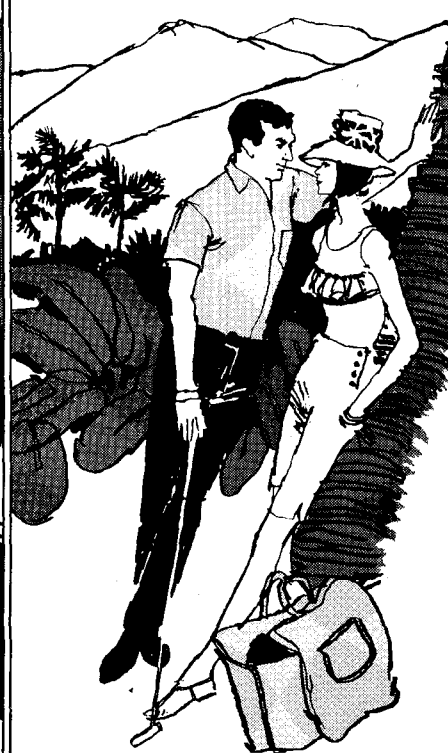
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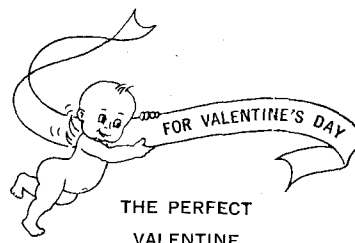
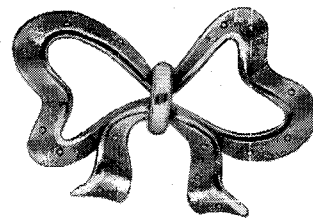
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swatches and swatches of fabric for special orders, if anyone wants to wait three to eight weeks.) Ann Fleischer uses ribbon crochet—and an erratic, lumpy sort it is—for her clothes. A dress of it has a small cowl neck and a bow in front, just above the natural waistline; there are likewise suits, dress-and-jacket combinations, and such, and up to size 20 at that. Not to mention a long evening dress, with or without a jacket, in an iridescent sort of ribbon. Hand-loomed knits in tweedy colors (like raspberry and green in tiny nubs) are another entry for suits, with, say, minute grosgrain piping in raspberry, say, making curlicues around collars, above pockets, and at waists. In a more moderate (or \$120) mood, there are shifts of a hand-loomed wool that looks like a heavy hand knit; hand-crocheted open-work detail goes around necks, armholes, and hems. The shifts are just great in white.

THE blouson type of bathing suit, with plain Helanca briefs that seem strangely wicked below the voluminous top (usually in print), is an art that Bendel approves of; witness a sample with a plain Helanca bottom in navy and a Paisley top (\$20), from the house of Catalina. Rose Marie Reid is out with a suit that has a top of rough white crochet and briefs of charcoal jersey. Among Cabana's presentations here is a very special bikini in a piqué type of cotton (it stretches, like everything nowadays, and often both ways) in a royal-orange-and-mustard print (\$18), and there's a smattering of Cabana tent shapes of heavy cotton that may be dropped over a wet bathing suit, which can be subsequently, and publicly, removed. The wherewithal for one of these portable bathhouses is heavy white cotton with variegated diagonal stripes of black. The top is very wide and the armholes are set toward the front. A broad band of the material can be used as scarf or sash. The whole thing is \$25. There's a minor frenzy now about white fish-net cotton with openings a half inch across, so Rose Marie Reid puts it over a brown ground to make a straight-hanging overblouse. Separate trunks of tan Helanca go with it. As for dresses, Rudi Gernreich has given Bendel a number of shifts, one of them in bright-yellow cotton knit with a sailor collar and tie (\$40), and another of cotton with wide black and white diagonal stripes and bindings of red cotton. And, for south-of-the-border jollity, Sylvia Beitscher, down in Mexico, has sent Bendel long or short burlap dresses with tops that are plain and skirts that are decorated at the hem

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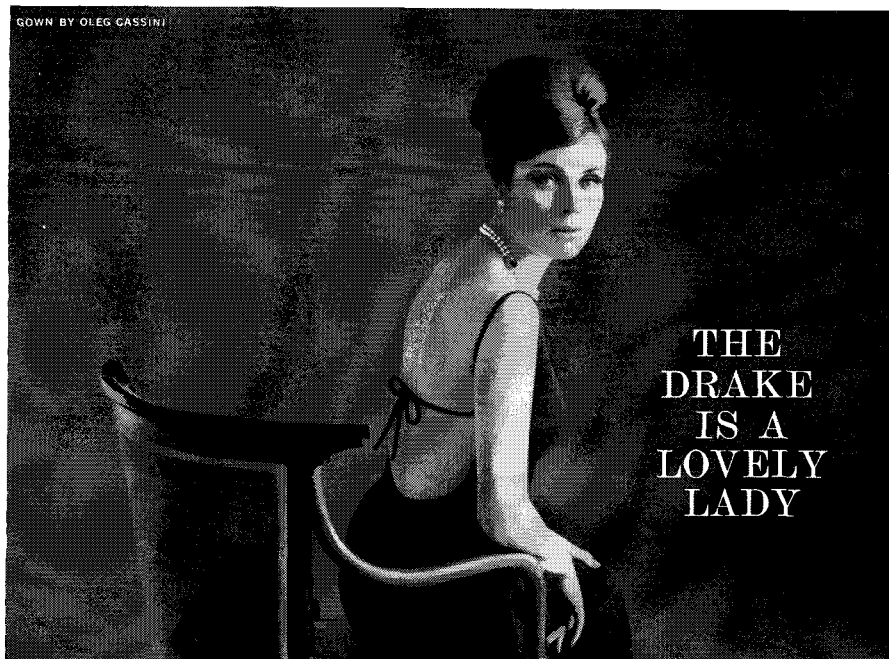
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with deep self fringe and fancy knotted openwork detail. These are \$75 and \$100, depending on the length.

AND while we are on the subject of Mexico, let us all note that Robert Leader, who is at 146 East 54th Street, has been exploring, too. His Mexican discovery is Dolores de Mexico, who is also fond of heavy, burlappy cotton. One long dress of it, in an orangey red, has short sleeves, and a self band indicates an Empire waistline; it's a terrific accomplishment at \$60. Another dress of formal length goes into an A line toward the hem, and the sleeveless top is white almost to the normal waist (is there one any more?); all is black below until the hem, around the front of which a band of yellow two feet wide makes its way. The rest of the Leader collection is merry and colorful, too, except for an occasional dip into just plain black. The winner in black comes from Rudi Gernreich—a slither of a dress done in heavy rayon matte jersey, with cowl drapery that is ample indeed at the neck but tapers noticeably as it nears the hem. It has no belt and a price tag of \$100. Again, terrific is the word. Leader's own team of inventors—O'Brien-Morris—has produced all manner of fantasies, which are lined this season. One A-line cotton coverall dress might give Lilly slight pause; it's of red or green cotton with a tiny all-over pattern and a big rooster (in a contrasting color) printed on the front. The slits at the sides come so high that Bermudas, in a print of smaller roosters, are sort of a must; \$100. Mr. L. currently is all for a really deep oval neckline (not a plunge, but exposing even more chest), and he has had his designers apply it to everything. A charming jacket and dress of imported wool in every possible solid color have this neck; below it, a string bow appears at the front. This neckline likewise turns up on one- or two-piece dresses of black wool or silk linen. There are even sweaters with this deep-scoop neck—of mohair in every color, in waist length and with short sleeves—at \$45. Another Gernreich here is a blazer jacket in black silk linen with six double-breasted buttons placed low. A black skirt and a white shirt of crêpe with huge black polka dots make it into an in-and-out-of-town suit; \$185. A further Gernreich, of heavy French crêpe, is a most unusually printed dress, with a wide sash and a deep kerchief V in front at the top. The design, on a French-mustard ground, has neon-purple blobs and green leaves; on a black ground, this trailing décor is blue and pink. Oh, the place just

GOWN BY OLEG CASSINI



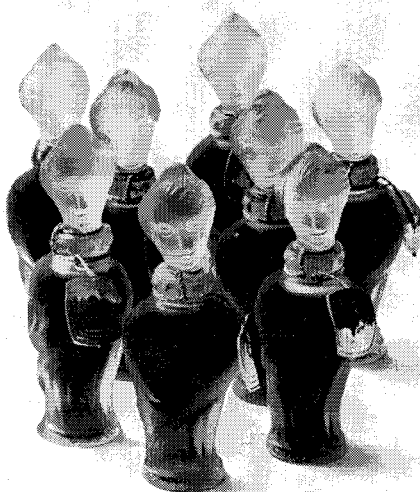
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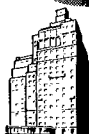
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bounces with new ideas, most of which you won't see elsewhere.

AT Jax (7 West 57th Street is its fairly new home), the shop's own rambunctious ideas are prevalent, and it's important that you be under size 12. On this visit, white, often combined with black, was the siren song they sang me. Such as a formal-length dress of white piqué with a deep U neck and an Empire waist that is indicated by piping; \$60. Or an easily fitted, sleeveless shift-sheath of street length, done in a white Italian piqué with five silky vertical white stripes. I am astounded that the revival of the blazer (John Weitz and Chanel have been recent advocates) has not been more widespread, but at any rate Jax has a three-button one with high, little-boy lapels. It's of white Italian piqué with white stripes like the ones on the shift-sheath, and it is supplemented by a skirt or trim slacks to match. The jacket itself is \$50. In street length, we get a dress in a damask piqué with an up-and-down black pin stripe every inch or so. A curved, collarless neck, six double-breasted buttons, and a slight curve toward a mythical waistline are part of the package. *Not* in the black-and-white category is a charming sleeveless beach dress with a round neckline and delicate embroidery at the top. I saw it with blue and yellow embroidery on white Swiss cotton. There are little gathers below the Empire waistline.

THESE reports on my far-flung travels through New York, Mexico, Italy, and Hong Kong are far from complete. So don't see your travel agent until you see the thrilling sequel.

—LOIS LONG

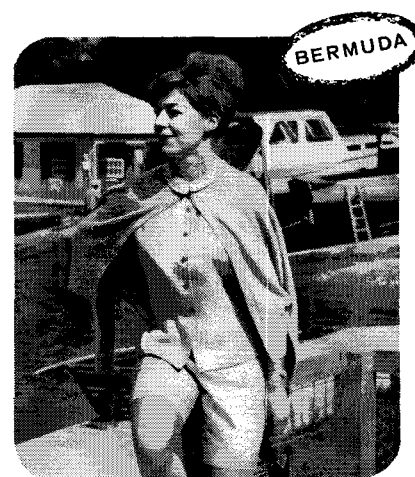
NOTE: The Weather Bureau says the discrepancy between the forecast of "fair and mild" which it supplied the News-Press for publication yesterday morning and the rainy day which actually occurred here was due to a wave moving in from the Gulf 12 hours ahead of the time it had been expected. The Weather Bureau had not expected the rain until today.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press.*

A likely story.

NEATEST DRAMA TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From TV Guide]

6:30-11-LEGACY OF LIGHT—RELIGION Sophocles' tragedy "Oedipus Rex," in modern dress but using Greek masks and the traditional chorus, is used to illustrate the Commandment "Honor Thy Father and Mother."



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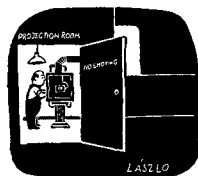
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

To Die Laughing



STANLEY KUBRICK'S "Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb" is the best American movie I've seen in years. This is, of course, less of a compliment than it looks at first glance, being on the order of Shaw's famous dictum that the least ugly daughter is the family beauty. It is far higher and juster praise of "Dr. Strangelove" to say that it's one of the best pictures I've seen in years, without regard to where it comes from. (The question of the nationality of movies is, in any event, increasingly a metaphysical muddle, with as many as a dozen countries often being represented among the credits of a single film. Still, I can't resist pointing with pride to the fact that Mr. Kubrick is not only an American but a local boy, born and brought up in the Bronx and owing a certain debt to the business and cultural opportunities of this city; a seasoned employee of *Look* at an age when he might have been expected to be spelling out the harder words in *Mad*, he acquired much of what he knows about the art of movies from watching scores of old ones being run off at the Museum of Modern Art.) Mr. Kubrick calls "Dr. Strangelove" a nightmare comedy, and that's as accurate a term as any, provided that we separate "nightmare" from its usual therapeutic isolation in the dark never-never land of sleep; this nightmare takes place in broad daylight, with us as its helpless, wide-awake victims, and the power it exercises over us derives in large part from our constant exacerbated awareness of the oddity of being able to laugh at horrors that, though outrageous, ring absolutely true and ought to be making us howl with dismay. For the story concerns our wanton dropping of the bomb on Russia and the subsequent extinction of life on earth, and the disparity between what we are shown and the response we are induced to make to it is so great that we never stop trying to fight our way out of the movie's fearful embrace. Surely it isn't funny to watch a madman driving thousands of his sane fellows to their death because he believes that a Russian conspiracy lies behind the fluoridation of the water supplies of certain American cities? Surely we shouldn't double up in merriment over the prospect of the whole world's com-

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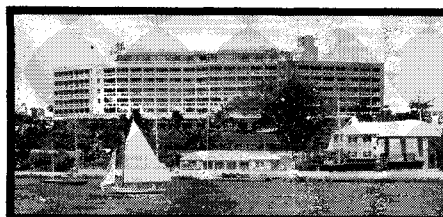
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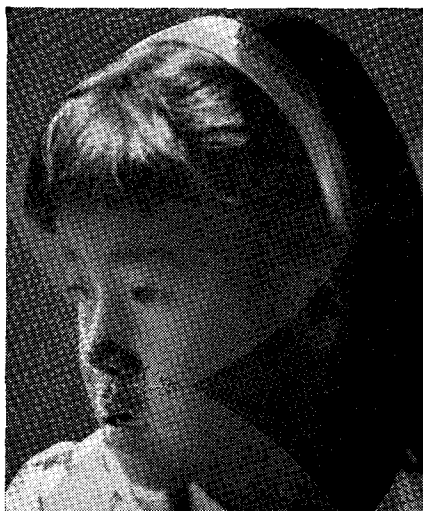


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Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

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mitting suicide in a final act of consummate, brutal folly? Yet this is the weird reaction that Mr. Kubrick drives us to, and I think his success depends on his never having flinched from the notorious freedom of nightmare to pursue reason unreasonably; taking terrible chances with respect to plausibility and propriety, he swings slam-bang into every sacred cow and paints clown faces on the soberest of our leaders. For his pitiless purposes, the President of the United States is a good-hearted ninny; the head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is a loud-mouthed, ignorant bully; the most esteemed scientific mind attached to the Pentagon is a paranoid ex-Nazi; and the Russian Ambassador to the United States is a pompous and inept spy. In the oldest tradition of broad satire, their very names poke fun at them—President Merkin Muffley, General Buck Turgidson, Dr. Strangelove, Ambassador de Sadesky.

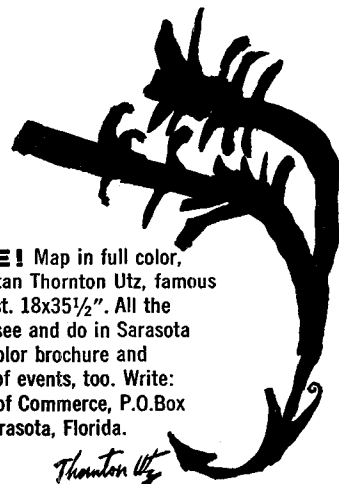
The screenplay, written by Terry Southern, Peter George, and Mr. Kubrick, is coarse, harsh, and lively, its suspense wonderfully heightened by a scrupulous rendition of factual details. (What is it like inside a late-model bomber? What is it like inside the Map Room of the Pentagon?) To embody the script's many characters, Mr. Kubrick, as producer and director, has assembled an extraordinary cast. Peter Sellers, in one of his uncanny multiple performances, plays (1) the President of the United States, (2) Dr. Strangelove, and (3) an R.A.F. group captain—three totally different faces, three totally different voices. To my mind, George C. Scott steals the picture as General Turgidson, but along with that one big theft a number of minor burglaries are committed, by, among others, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, Slim Pickens, and Peter Bull.

"THE FIANCÉS" is the second feature-length film of a young Italian director named Ermanno Olmi. His earlier work, "The Sound of Trumpets," was a slight, beguiling comedy about a shy boy who tries to get a job with a huge concern in Milan, meets a girl with the same ambition, gets the job, and—rather mysteriously—loses the girl. "The Fiancés" is less charming than its predecessor, perhaps because the couple whose forlorn, only half-spoken travails we share are a grown man and woman; their engagement has already lasted too long for their good. The man, a skilled mechanic, is determined not to marry until he has his career well launched. The woman, having already given her love to the man,

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begins to fear that they will never marry, in which case it will be too late for her to marry at all. One day, the man is offered a better job with his company; accepting it means that he must go off to Sicily for several months, leaving his fiancée behind. In his loneliness in the fierce wasteland of Sicily, he drops her a postcard, and she writes back, and little by little their stilted correspondence serves to establish a relationship stronger than any they were able to achieve face to face, by words or even by making love. As the picture ends, nothing is promised us, but we feel confident that someday they will marry and pass for happy.

The screenplay, written by Olmi, is characteristically muted and allusive, and it's obvious that the value of the picture lies outside it, in the self-confident, resplendent camerawork. Olmi got his training with documentary films, and "The Fiancés" is more than half a documentary of industrial life in contemporary Italy. All through it, I kept thinking of how much pleasure it would have given Robert Flaherty, who, having invented the documentary, never quite knew how far to go in letting it tell a made-up story.

"THE GUEST" is a filmed version of Harold Pinter's macabre play "The Caretaker." The three more or less cracked characters who make up the entire cast are played by the actors who brought the original work from London to Broadway a few seasons back—Donald Pleasence, Alan Bates, and Robert Shaw. If you failed to see the play, by all means go to the movie, because Pleasence's portrayal of an ancient, vicious, pusillanimous hanger-on is a very great feat of acting and loses nothing by being shown at close range; if, however, you saw the play, you certainly haven't forgotten Pleasence in it and I should think you'd prefer to keep, in memory, the width of an orchestra pit between that living bundle of filthy rags and you.

—BRENDAN GILL

Beginning Jan. 6, Norwich Regional Technical School will conduct a series of adult education classes in clerk - typist training.

The courses were established for high school graduates who are out of work as a result of meetings of the New London Chamber of Commerce and the State Labor Dept. Both refresher and beginner courses will be offered.

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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



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Recently, we covered not one but two mystery stories, and the sleuth in both cases was BW's assistant transportation editor, Timothy Hubbard. The first case involved the strange and sudden collapse of the multi-million dollar empire of shipping magnate Manuel Kulukundis; Tim Hubbard was the man who tracked down the story in all its suspenseful details for *BUSINESS WEEK*'s readers.

But one Mystery Man wasn't enough. Then Tim went on the trail of the elusive and mysterious Daniel K. Ludwig, one of the world's most powerful, and most publicity-shy, businessmen. Not only did Tim get an exclusive story (from the man who made headlines by buying \$100 million worth of Union Oil Co. stock), but BW got Mr. Ludwig on the cover!

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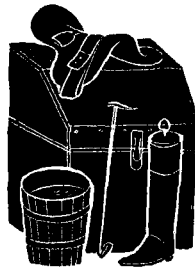
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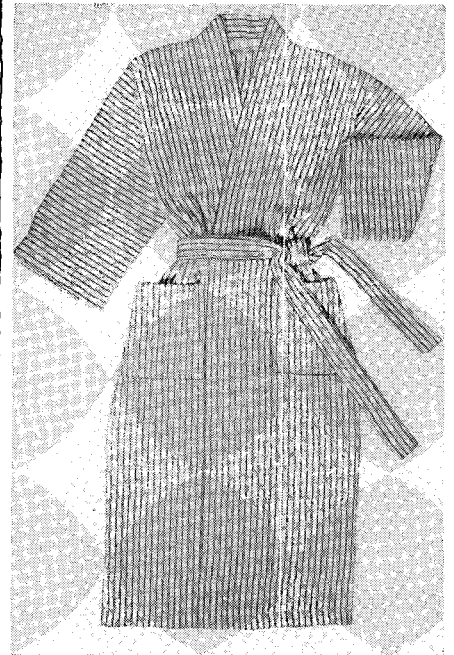


AT once the liveliest and the most saddening event of the week was the Charles H. Strub Stakes—it used to be called the Maturity Stakes—at Santa Anita last Saturday.

Early in the running, William Haggin Perry's Lamb Chop, the champion three-year-old filly of 1963, broke her left front leg just above the ankle, and she was mercifully put to death. Meanwhile, Gun Bow, the favorite, who led for most of the mile and a quarter, rolled home a dozen lengths ahead of Rocky Link, a long shot, who took second money by a nose from Win-Em-All. Big Raff was fourth, ten lengths behind. The time, which was 1:59 1/5, equalled the track record for the distance. Thirteen four-year-olds went to the post for the fixture, the first of the season with a purse running into six figures (the gross value was \$132,000), and the start was a good one. Quickest away was Nevada Battler, winner of a division of the San Fernando Stakes ten days before, but Gun Bow, winner of the other division of the race, went right with him. After a couple of furlongs, Gun Bow drew away, and that was that. From all accounts, Lamb Chop wasn't bumped or anything. She left the starting gate slowly, and Ycaza, who rode her, said that she stumbled slightly during the first furlong. She did it again in the backstretch, and before he could slow her down, the leg snapped.

Gun Bow, a bay colt by Gun Shot out of Ribbons and Bows, might be the bargain of the year. The week Aqueduct closed last December, Harry Albert, a New York attorney, and Mrs. John T. Stanley, who together race the Gedney Farm stable, bought him and a two-year-old named Gun Boat from Maine Chance Farm for \$150,000. In Gun Bow's first start for his new owners, the San Fernando, he earned \$26,125, and his share of the purse last Saturday was \$87,000. There's no business like horse business. It was a big afternoon, too, for Shoemaker, who rode Gun Bow and two other winners. The day before, he had had four, which brought the earnings of his mounts to the world's-record total of \$30,043,792, just top-

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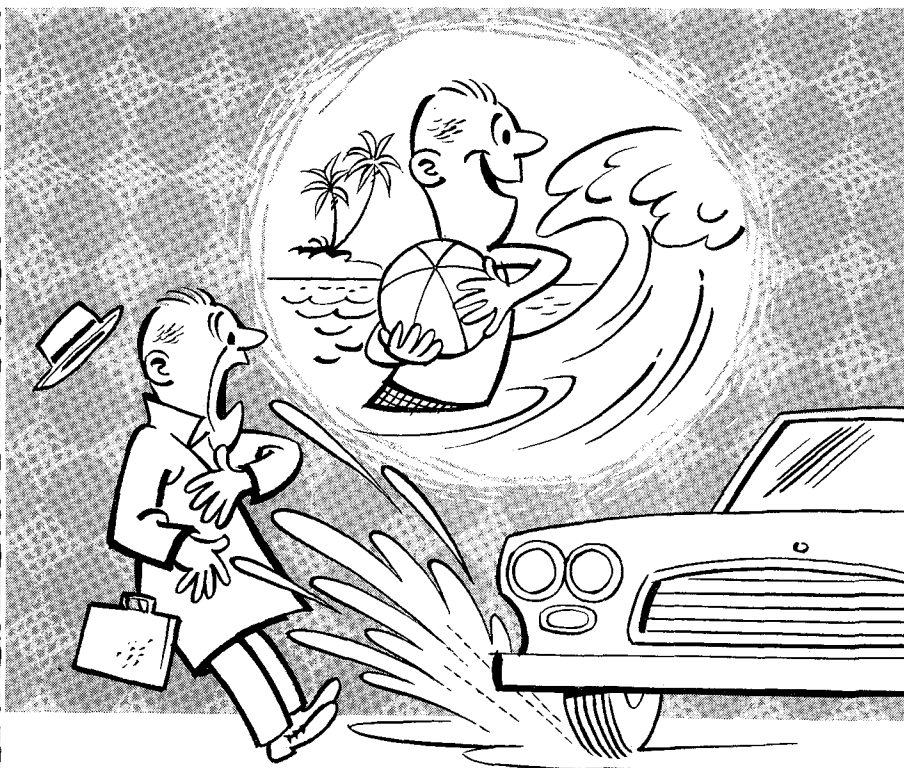
ping the mark set by Arcaro. Saturday's prize money puts Shoemaker in front beyond any question of a recount.

THE most interesting side of the Royal Palm Handicap at Hialeah last weekend has to do with horses who didn't run for it. There had been talk that Kelso might be a starter, but it seems that he developed a swelling in an ankle and stayed home. He may also skip the Seminole, a week from Saturday. This is the first leg trouble he's had—or, at any rate, the first we've heard about. Let's hope it's trivial. Mongo, Kelso's most serious rival, was scratched because Frank Bonsal, his trainer, thought the distance—seven furlongs, on the main track—was too short for him to show his best effort. He'll probably go for the Bougainvillea on Saturday; it's at a mile and three-sixteenths on the turf and should be pie for him. With the stars out of sight, twelve runners turned up for the Royal Palm, and it was a scramble all the way, Royal Ascot coming from last at the stretch turn to win going away from Merry Ruler, while Belgage beat Ornamento by a nose for third money. Royal Ascot is owned by Ogden Phipps, the new chairman of the Jockey Club, who won the race last year and the year before with Hitting Away.

AS you've probably heard, Hurry to Market, who was rated one of the top two-year-olds of 1963, suffered a quarter crack in his right hind foot while training at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans early last week. A quarter crack is a break in the outer wall of the hoof—Dave Erb, the colt's trainer, says it's like a hangnail—and it takes months to heal. It had been Erb's intention to run Hurry to Market in the Flamingo and the Louisiana Derby, but as things stand, the colt isn't training for anything—not even the Kentucky Derby. It's definite that Golden Ruler also has a quarter crack and is out of the Flamingo. I was delighted to hear, though, that Northern Dancer, who got a small one when he ran at Aqueduct last November, has recovered and is in training at Hialeah. In fact, he may be racing in a week or two.

BOWIE was booming all last week, with a crowd of more than eighteen thousand on Saturday. I can't say much for the form of the horses—especially Space Skates, who had won the Federal Purse the week before but finished out of the money in the Chartwell Purse.

—AUDAX MINOR



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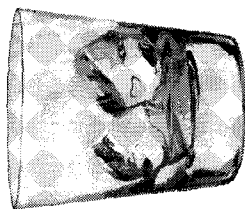
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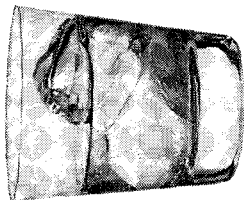
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THE ART GALLERIES

Young Lochinvar



I HAVEN'T studied all the reviews of the Jackson Pollock memorial exhibition now on at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, but in some I have come across there is a curious tendency to downgrade him because at the start he was painting in a fairly conventional manner. There is even a slight tone of rebuke, as if he'd been caught leading us astray somehow. I can't agree with this point of view. Jackson Pollock (his first name was Paul) was born in Cody, Wyoming, in 1912, when it was a frontier town, and it would be strange indeed if, from such a beginning, he had plunged immediately into abstraction or any other advanced method. At the time, if the question of art ever came up in Cody at all, it certainly never went beyond Frederic Remington, as the prime exemplar, and I shouldn't be surprised if Pollock had modelled himself at first on that great glorifier of the Range Rider of the West. This, I add at once, is in no sense a disparagement of Cody. Peter Blume, who was growing up during the same period in the relatively more sophisticated region of Brooklyn, has confessed to me that until he was in his teens he, too, had Remington as his idol, and copied his drawings assiduously. I myself favored Maxfield Parrish.

The miracle is that anyone growing up in an out-of-the-way place and in humdrum surroundings (Pollock's father was a farmer) should ever be drawn to art. Sometimes it is slow going at first. It is interesting to note that, as Bryan Robertson points out in his excellent critical biography, "Jackson Pollock," when the boy arrived at high-school age (the family had moved to California by then, but there, too, I imagine, Remington was still top dog) he enrolled in a school that featured manual, or trade-school, training. And—again I am echoing Bryan Robertson—it was perhaps his desire to learn how to *make* things that led him into brief early essays in sculpture and from there to a more enduring interest in American Indian and (later) Mexican art. In contrast, one of the things

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that the show reveals, and that I had not grasped thoroughly before, is that Pollock's symbolic structure is built almost entirely on organic images—leafage, flowers, vines, and such landscape features as grasses and water flow—and I can't help wondering: Is it too far-fetched to assign some of this to his farm background?

Anyway, he broke loose. In 1929, at the age of seventeen, having accumulated enough cash for the venture, he came on to New York, enrolling at the Art Students League under Thomas Hart Benton. The choice, at first glance an odd one, may have been because of a feeling of regional affinity, for Benton, too, was a Westerner, or because there was something in Benton's free-and-easy, loose-jointed style that Pollock liked or that at least made him feel at ease. The choice turned out to be a good one. Though the two men had little or nothing in common artistically, and though Pollock never, except in the very beginning, adopted Benton's mannerisms at all, they had an enduring personal affinity that made Benton, as someone has said, "almost a godfather" to the young Westerner, and perhaps because of this, Benton's mood, of urgency and unexpected sinuous movement, had a queer, sidelong influence on Pollock that lasted into his maturity.

Once in the thick of things, Pollock moved fast. Oddly, in view of the enormous prestige he acquired, both here and abroad, and so rapidly, the present showing is the first attempt at a really full-scale survey of his works ever made, and it must be said that with a hundred and fifty items on view, it is a commendably complete one. The earliest piece, a "Self-Portrait" dated 1933, is dark and vaguely Old Master in character. A street scene called "Cody, Wyoming," done two years later, has, though catalogued, been withdrawn from the show. But the catalogue illustration shows it to be strongly Bentonese in style. At approximately the same period, however—and as a sign of his speed of movement—we see him taking a sudden tack toward Ryder in the melodramatically stormy "Seascape," turning just as suddenly Expressionist in the palette-knife exercise called "Landscape with Figures," going grotesque in the bloated "Woman," of 1934, and then veering off, finally, into more or less "pure" abstraction in such works as "Circle," "Deposition," and the series of seven small "Panels," so titled and lettered A to G, done in 1936. These last are definitely studio exercises, of the sort all young painters undertake, and in

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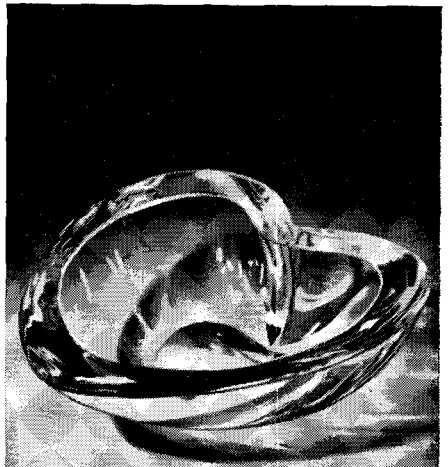


WATCH FOR NEW STUCKEY'S CARRIAGE INN MOTELS

their way they are similar to the finger exercises of a pianist. They are charming, nonetheless, as is "Circle," with its lightly indicated interweaving leaf and landscape motifs.

The experimentation went on, and, indeed, there comes a time, midway in the show—and nearly midway in Pollock's fairly brief career—when one suspects that everybody, Pollock included, would have been hard put to it to know what the man was going to do next. I shan't try to itemize all the twistings and turnings he went through, or to analyze them; it would be especially difficult because a good many of them, on the evidence of the show, occurred simultaneously, or nearly so. One gets the feeling that, like Picasso but not quite with Picasso's enormous authority, Pollock was willing to try anyone's bent and either to put his findings to use or to reject them. (And, incidentally, did Picasso himself have that much authority in the nineteen-twenties, when he was at about the age Pollock was when he died?) Among Pollock's influences one sees Picasso himself here and there, but then, what artist of Pollock's generation wasn't influenced by Picasso? I see traces, too, of Wifredo Lam, that still overlooked but powerfully talented adapter of Picasso's style to hieratical South American images. Miró crops up, disappears, reappears, and then vanishes. Or maybe he appears once more—or is it *his* part-time follower Arshile Gorky this time? By now, the spectator is likely to have become a trifle bewildered. For just one further example, is it really André Masson whom I see lurking behind "Water Figure," or is it someone else? The painting was done in 1945, when Masson was here, and he was one of the few French artists to come over after the fall of France (Max Ernst was almost the only other one) who adapted themselves and their art to this country, made friends with our men, and—Masson is an extremely articulate man, and a generous-minded one—had a considerable effect on them.

In the end, though, as must always be the case if basic talent is involved, the experiments, the influences, the horsing around began to channel themselves toward a consistent, comprehensible purpose. It was getting on past the mid-nineteen-forties when Pollock seemed to have stumbled—I believe that is the right word for it—on the "scribble" technique that was to become his special trademark. He was later to experiment with the semi-accidental "blob" style—of brushing and at times just spilling pig-



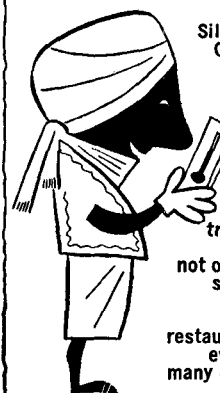
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ment on an unsized canvas and letting the blobs soak in or spread out as they willed. But all these examples in the show (with the exception of the delicately interwoven "Brown and Silver," of 1951, and a few others) are either failures or near failures, the design being generally too portentous and heavy for the content.

The scribble style, though, seems from the first to have been a joyous discovery. It was a style, one feels, that Pollock could revel in, for it not only let him cut loose at one stroke from the influences he was beginning to get too tangled up in but, because of its swift, cursive character, allowed him unexampled freedom of design while satisfying his bent for movement. And revel in it he did, one can't but think—from "Cathedral," of 1947 (the first piece in the new manner in the show, and, with its glinting, lacy structure, still one of the most attractive), on down to the end. To be sure, he kept on experimenting—restlessly, I feel—with rough textures and smooth (in "No. 29," of 1950, one even finds bits of wire and string, barnacles and pebbles, mixed into the pigment), with flashbacks to earlier methods and subjects, and so on. Toward the end, Pollock seems to have been working on perhaps the most difficult problem of all—an attempt to introduce figure-suggestion behind the veil, so to speak, of his intricate patterns.

There were other failures, all along the way, and even more near failures. In a sense, Pollock was always teetering on the edge of failure; his very method practically guaranteed that. But his work became steadily denser and more controlled in its rhythms, more inventive and wider in range, frequently larger in scale. The first of his "big" paintings, I believe, was done on commission for Peggy Guggenheim, who had been the first to exhibit him in her gallery called Art of This Century, and, as I recall, it was the shape of the site she had planned for it—a long but narrow area of wall in her apartment—that dictated its dimensions. The unusual proportions appear to have fascinated Pollock, and



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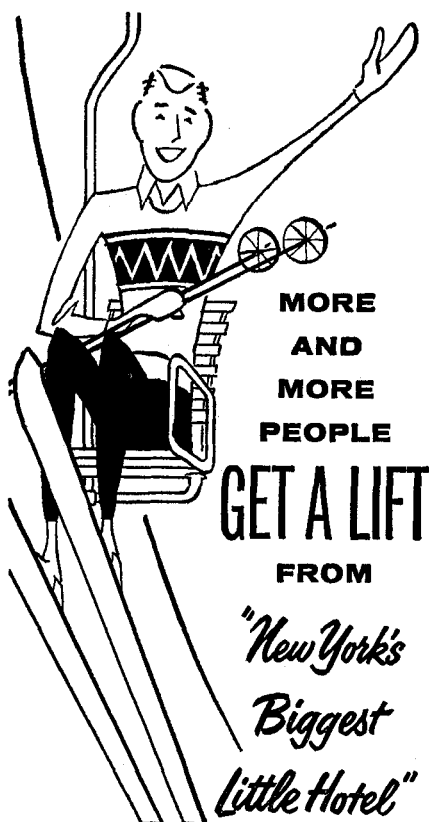
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some of his most successful later pictures—notably, in the current collection, "Summertime" (so long and so animated that it seems almost a design for perpetual motion), the rust-tinted "Out of the Web," and the lively "White Cockatoo"—have taken this form. The paintings in this genre are often considered to be muralistic in derivation, but I feel that they should instead be related to the frieze, and I believe that their background may well lie in the field of the great Roman friezes on triumphal arches, on Trajan's Column, and so forth, with their similar strong processional quality. In other modes, I liked especially his daringly designed "Portrait and a Dream," the strange "Sleeping Effort," mingling a wavering, watery quality with hints of a figure, and the superlative, icy, blue-and-white "The Deep." Pollock died at the wheel of a speeding car at the age of forty-three, and there's no way of knowing how far he might have gone if he hadn't so recklessly got himself killed.

—ROBERT M. COATES

[LAUGHTER] IN PARLIAMENT

[From the London Times]

MRS. BUTLER (Wood Green, Lab.) asked if legislation would be introduced to protect shoppers in regard to the issuing of trading stamps.

MR. HEATH.—I am studying the views recently published by the Consumer Council.

MRS. BUTLER.—While some housewives have undoubtedly welcomed trading stamps for bringing some excitement, like bingo, into their otherwise dull lives—(laughter)—there is a widespread resentment that the Government have failed to protect them from the less satisfactory features of this American sales gimmick. Surely the Government have not only a duty to act, but can act much more quickly and effectively.

MR. HEATH.—The Consumer Council has not pressed for legislation. I understand the council is discussing with the interests involved various ways of dealing with the problems that have arisen.

MR. GARDNER (Billerica, C.).—The housewife who wishes to qualify for these goods has to purchase from her green-grocer, or other store where stamps are issued, something like £600 worth of goods to obtain a fishing rod—(laughter)—£220 worth of goods to obtain a set of kitchen scales; and after she has spent £13,000 in a year or just over she and her husband are entitled to—and will no doubt deserve—a holiday in Vienna. (Renewed laughter.) Will the Minister not agree that this is really a most gigantic swindle which can only put up the cost of living?

MR. HEATH.—I think the prizes quoted depend on which catalogue is perused. Perhaps we could arrange an exchange of catalogues? (Laughter.) My only interest in this is to secure sufficient stamps to obtain my own executive aircraft. (Renewed laughter.)



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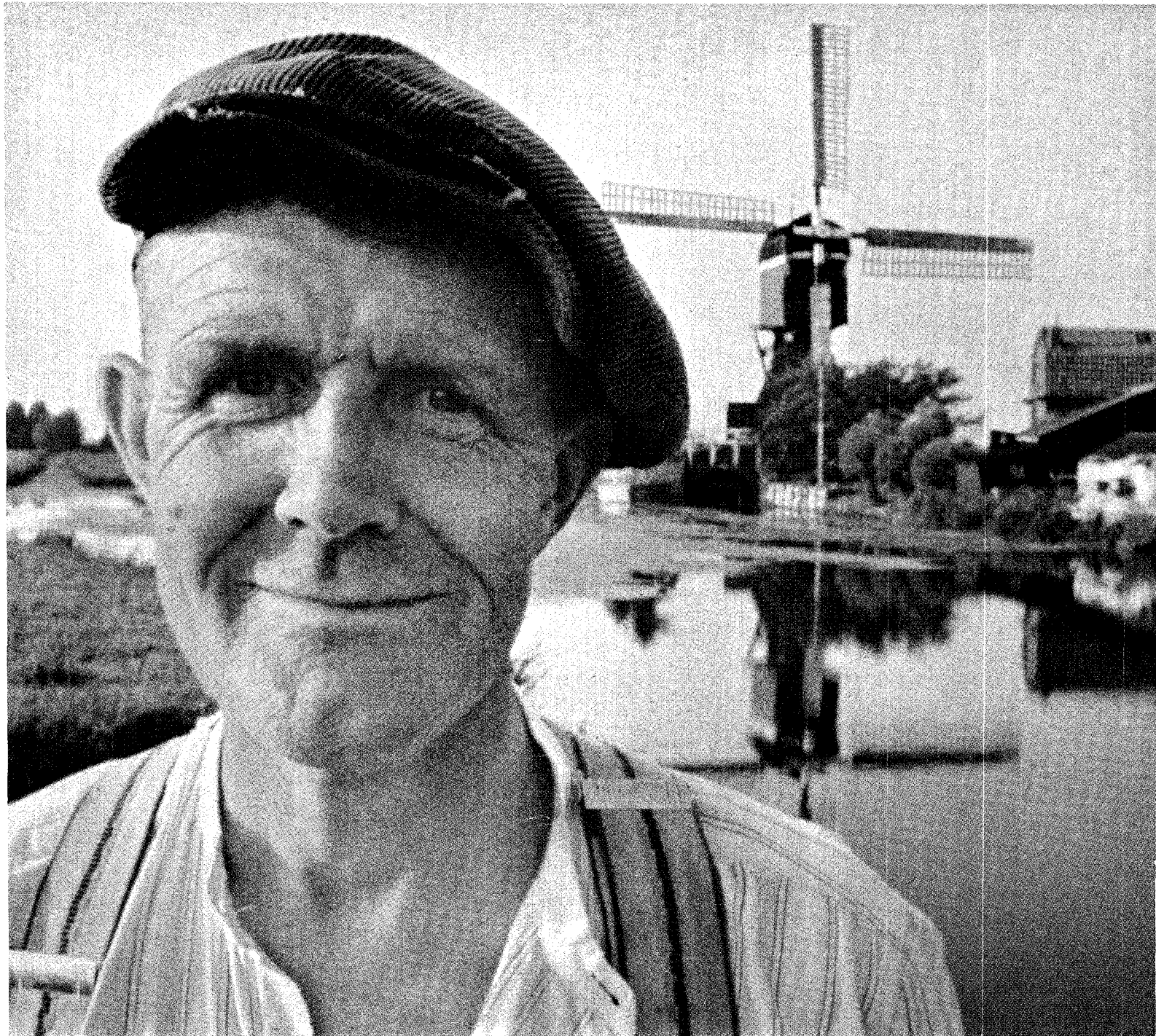


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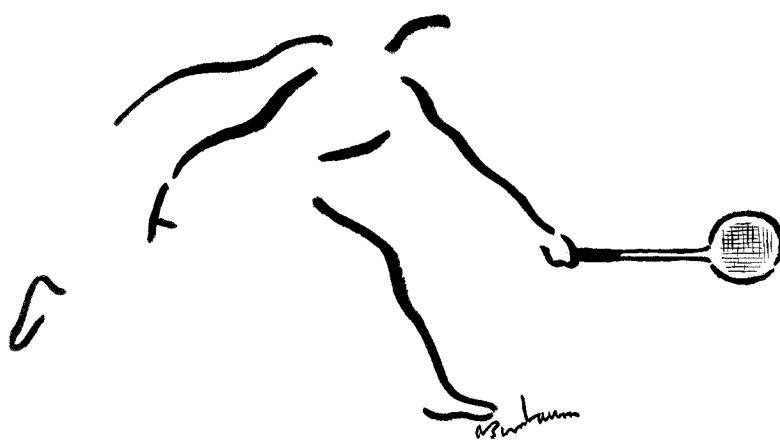
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THE SPORTING SCENE

KHAN OF KHANS

THE more I think about it, the more firmly convinced I am that the greatest athlete for his age the world has ever seen may very well be Hashim Khan, the Pakistani squash-racquets player who won the United States Open Championship last year and came close to winning it again a couple of weeks ago, when he was defeated in the final by his twenty-six-year-old nephew Mohibullah Khan. In making this considerable claim for Hashim Khan, who admits to forty-nine years but may be somewhat older, I am not at all unmindful of the marvels of athletic longevity that have preceded him. When Bill Tilden, for example, was well into his fifties, he was still the peer of any tennis player for one set. Clarence De Mar, the winner of seven Boston Marathons, ran, and completed, his thousandth long-distance road race when he was sixty-three. Michael Scott was fifty-four when he won the British Amateur Golf Championship in 1933. Pudge Heffelfinger continued to play some occasional football when he was in his sixties, and he was not a T quarterback but a lineman. And, of course, there is Archie Moore, the boxer, whose age is anybody's guess, and Satchel Paige, who owned up to being in his late forties but was suspected of being considerably over fifty when he came up for his last fling as a major-league pitcher with the St. Louis Browns. My vote goes to Hashim Khan, however, because he is the only athlete I know of who at an indelicately advanced age has remained at the very top in an extremely strenuous sport. Squash, no question about it, is a young man's game. Few games, in fact, demand such coördinated speed of foot, eye, and hand, or such tremendous nervous and physical endurance. The ball travels at a terrific clip, and so must the player as he tears back and forth from the front wall to the back, starting suddenly and halting just as suddenly, and repeatedly making lightninglike changes of direction in order to get to the ball and deliver a sharp, vigorous stroke—and all this, mind you, with no letup to speak of for the better part of an hour. Hashim has actually outlasted what amounts to three generations of tournament rivals. Diehl



Mateer, Jr., for one, who was twenty-seven years old and the ranking American player in 1956, when Hashim won his first U.S. Open, had retired from competition, at thirty-three, the year before Hashim, at forty-eight, won his third U.S. Open, in 1963. I doubt if it is much of a consolation to Hashim to ponder it, but the fact is that he is three years older than the new champion's father, Safillah, who, as it happens, is a member of another family of Khans. All in all, Hashim has won more than twenty major championships, including seven British Opens, three U.S. Opens, three Canadian Opens, one Australian Open, and five British Professional Championships, plus a slew of other important tournaments, ranging from the Egyptian Open to the Scottish Open, which, incidentally, he won eight years in a row. No one else in the history of the game has built up a record even half as impressive. He is at least the greatest squash-racquets player of all time.

To look at Hashim, you would never take him to be a master athlete—or, for that matter, any kind of athlete, except, perhaps, one of those marginal types who are regularly photographed plunging into icy water in midwinter. A stocky, bald-headed man with light-brown skin and luminous black eyes, he is only five feet five and a half inches tall and weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds. His chest is broad and deep, but otherwise his physique is not particularly muscular, and his legs, the most astonishing feature of his physical equipment, are thin and bandy. In 1951, when he entered his first British Open, quite unheralded, he looked even less like an athlete, for he then weighed only a hundred and twelve pounds. Before the nabobs of British squash officially accepted his entry, they thought it prudent to arrange for one of the leading

London professionals to play a trial match with him; they had a feeling that this new chap might not be up to championship standard. It didn't take them very long to see that he was, because the moment Hashim moves, he becomes an altogether different person. He is unbelievably fast, but it is incorrect to say that he moves like a cat. He is not graceful or supple in a feline way. He just moves beautifully, always on balance and always to the right place, and he is always capable of instant recovery or acceleration. Moreover, he is apparently tireless. As that British Open progressed, it became clear that it was next to impossible to put the ball away against him (he got to *everything*), and that, in addition, he had all the shots, including one that nobody in Britain had ever seen before—a low, soft cut-shot angled off the front wall so that it nicked between the side wall and the floor on the rebound and skidded away without a bounce. He won that tournament, taking the final in three straight games, 9-5, 9-2, 9-0, and went back to Pakistan a national hero. Peshawar, his home town, has a population of two hundred thousand, but over a million of Hashim's countrymen turned out on the day of his return to cheer him and garland him as a triumphal motorcade escorted him from the local airport through the streets of the city. Of the many honors paid him, one, as far as I know, is unique, even in this era when sports celebrities are fêted to the skies: a railroad station on the outskirts of Peshawar was named after him.

HASHIM's rise to the top in a game that is the traditional province of Oxbridge and the Ivy League is, for me, one of the most fascinating stories in sport. His father, Abdullah, was the head steward at the Peshawar Club, which was the social headquarters for the British Army officers stationed in and around that city. Peshawar is only ten miles from the Khyber Pass, and the military cantonment there had always been a large and active one. All kinds of sports were organized to provide the officers with something to become absorbed in during their off-duty hours, and around the turn of the

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century a few open-air squash courts were added to the facilities of the Peshawar Club. In time, a number of the local Pushtu boys who had started out as ball retrievers rose to be scorers and playing partners. The very best of them went on to become full-fledged professionals and were sent out to staff other squash clubs, which had sprung up throughout India. At ten or so, Hashim, whose father was killed in an auto accident around that time, became a retriever, fetching the balls hit over the walls of the roofless courts. He got the club professional to teach him the game in exchange for half the lunch his mother fixed for him, and set his mind on becoming proficient enough to make a career in squash. Speed of foot, he recognized from the outset, was absolutely essential for anyone who hoped to become something more than an average player, and to acquire it he practiced squash hour after hour by himself, running all out. Then, to make himself run even harder, he took to practicing with broken balls, which bounced scarcely at all. As for the strokes he developed, they were sound and powerful rather than classic, and his down-the-wall backhand was, in fact, quite unorthodox. He slashed the shot with his elbow bowed out, having found that this enabled him to impart a heavy cut to the ball that made it hug the wall. He became a popular teaching professional and, at length, the outstanding player in India, but outside his own country he remained almost completely unknown, and he had no idea himself how he might stack up against the champions of the outside world. In 1950, after the partition of India, he was serving as a pro attached to the Officers' Club of the Pakistan Air Force in Peshawar when a professional from Bombay whom he had always beaten with no effort went over for the British Open and got all the way to the final. As soon as the news of this reached the officers at Hashim's club, they began raising a private fund to send him to the 1951 Open. When he scored his dramatic breakthrough that year, he was well past a racquet man's prime. Whether he was only thirty-seven, as he claimed he was, or already in his forties, as many believed, he proved himself to be an amazing athlete. He could play two matches in one day, going at full tilt, and walk off the court as dry as a bone and breathing easily. In later years, as he continued to show very few signs of slowing down, some people explained his anachronistic speed and stamina by suggesting that he simply had a different physical constitution

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from Western players. I don't believe this is quite right. Being a Moham-medan, he has never drunk or smoked, and this has helped a great deal, of course, but I think the real difference lies in the fact that, from boyhood on, Hashim had devoted his thoughts and energies first and foremost to becoming a squash champion, and—in the world of squash, at least—that kind of total dedication is unknown this side of Peshawar. I once asked him what he considered the most important thing for a young boy beginning squash to work on. "He must play serious all the time, very serious," he replied, in his soft, lightly accented English. "Most players, when they see that they can reach the ball, they stop moving. They let the ball come to them. I want to get to the ball as quick as possible, to give my opponent less time, to keep my opponent off balance. If I play like my opponent, I would be never tired." Raising an admonitory finger, he continued, "Also, you must always think serious before every shot you make and your opponent makes. Since I was a small boy, I force myself to work harder when my opponent is hitting the ball than when I am hitting it. That is how you win points."

HASHIM made his first visit to America in 1954. The United States Open Championship was inaugurated in January of that year, and to make sure that Hashim was on hand, Ned Bigelow, a retired Wall Streeter who now functions as a sort of Sol Hurok of American squash, undertook a special trip to Pakistan. Hashim's presence made that tournament, but he did not win it. In the final, he was eliminated by Henri Salaun, of Boston, 15-7, 15-12, 15-14. The conclusion of the match produced a singular scene—the loser smiling broadly and acknowledging the gallery's ovation for both players with a little wave of his hand, the winner wobbling off the court close to collapse and exclaiming that he could not have lasted another point. Hashim's defeat in his American debut was not entirely unexpected. This was his first crack at American squash, which is appreciably different from the English version he was brought up on. In the American game, which is played with a heavier racquet and a harder, faster ball, and on a somewhat smaller court, long rallies are not uncommon, but they are seldom as protracted as they are in the English game, where two players may trade fifty shots up and down the walls before one of them, presented with a small opening, attempts to win the point with a drop shot off the front wall. It

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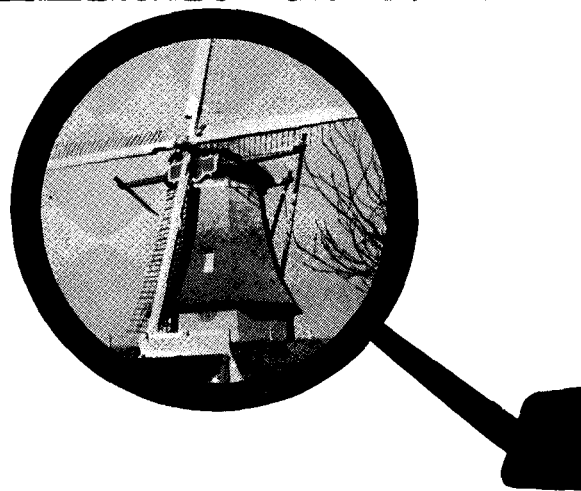
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takes a little time for foreign players to adjust to the brisker pace, the more aggressive hitting, and the different bounces and angles of the American game, and to develop the power shots, the corner shots, and the touch shots that can pressure an opponent into error or beat him cold. In 1955, a leg injury obliged Hashim to default in the semifinal round of the U.S. Open, but when he came over the next year, he looked as if he had been playing the American game all his life. He won the championship quite handily, and defended it successfully the following winter.

On these and subsequent trips he made to this country, Hashim brought along his younger brother Azam and his distant cousin Roshan Khan, and, later on, his nephew Mohibullah. Hashim, to be sure, had shown them how squash could and should be played, and their games were basically modelled on his, but these other Khans are very definitely virtuosos in their own right. Azam, who is ten years younger than his brother and far more easygoing, was a tennis player until Hashim, in need of someone to practice with, converted him to squash. For several years now, Azam has operated the New Grampians Club, a squash den in Shepherd's Bush, at the edge of London. He has won our Open once and the British Open four times. Mohibullah, an extrovert with an appealing sense of humor, came under his uncle's wing after Azam had settled in England and Hashim was again faced with the problem of finding a sufficiently formidable practice partner. A left-hander, Mohibullah may very well be the fastest man ever to play the game. He won his first important title, the Scottish Open, in 1959, and has since added the Australian Professional Championship, in 1961, and the British Open, in 1963. This autumn, he became the professional at the Harvard Club of Boston. Roshan, who, at thirty-eight, is the pro at the Pakistan Naval Station in Karachi, has won one British and three U.S. Opens. He is the tallest, the slimmest, and perhaps the most erratic of the Khans, but when he is in top form there is a touch of poetry about him as he glides around the court in long, silky strides and flashes his superb assortment of strokes, subtly disguising his delicate stuff, opening up with great bursts of hard hitting, and forever changing his pace. I do not think I have ever seen more consistently brilliant squash than that which Roshan played in defeating Azam in the final of our championship in 1961. For that matter, whenever one Khan meets an-

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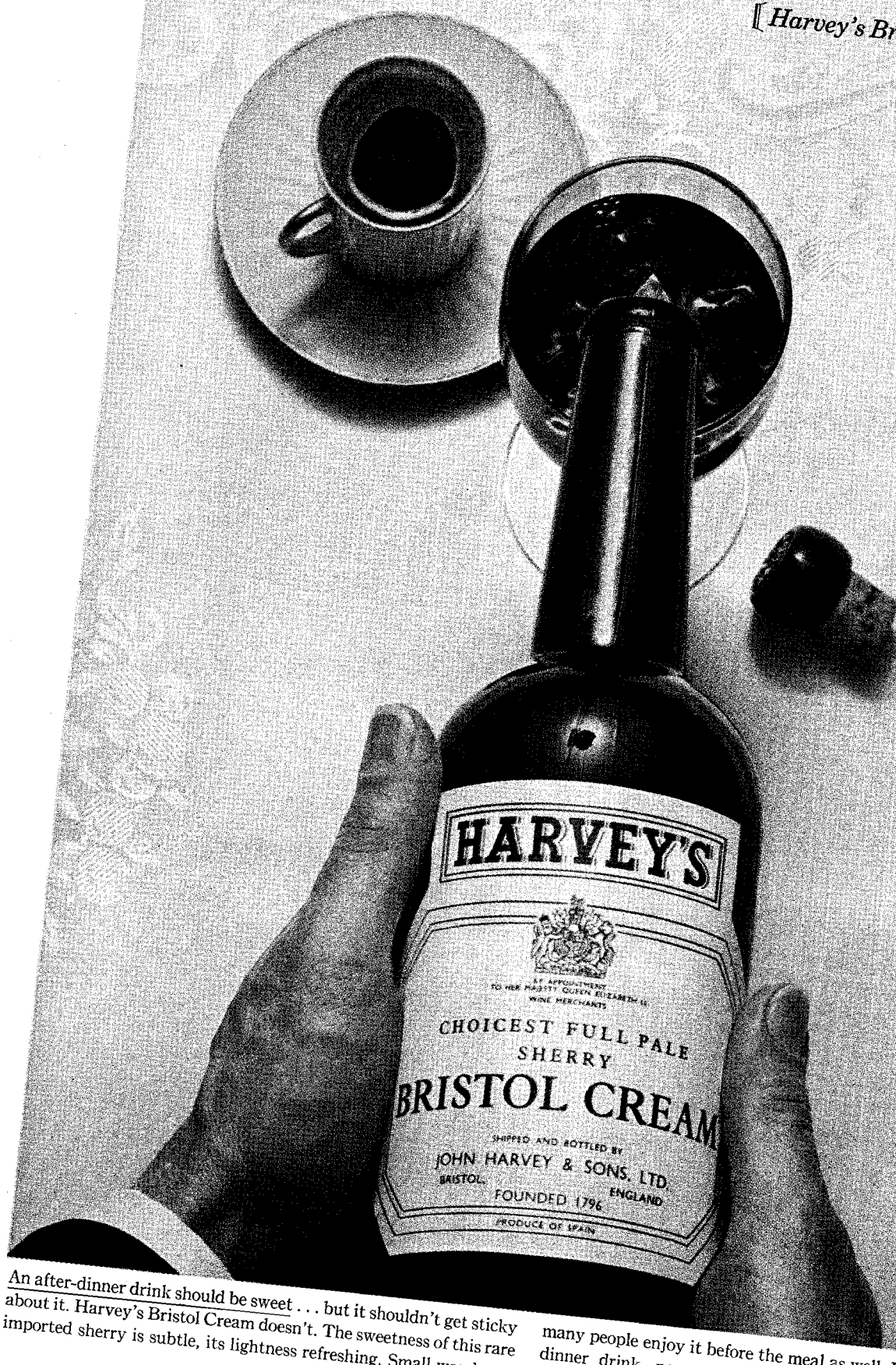
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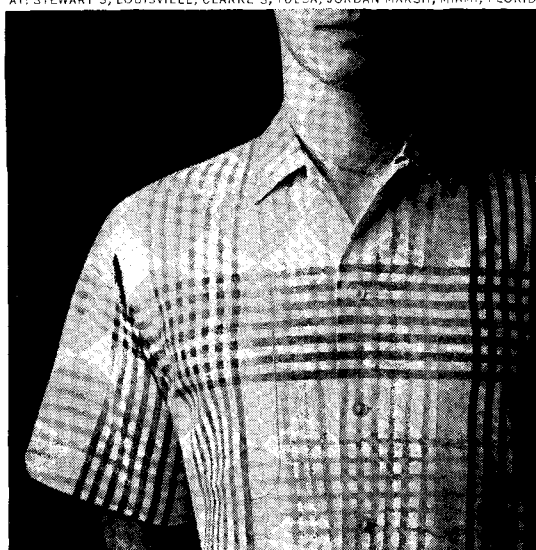
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other Khan, it is something to see. They are much rougher with each other than with their other opponents, to put it mildly. As one Khan plays his stroke, the other hovers practically over his racquet head. No Khan lets another Khan stand in his route to the ball unshouldered or unshoved if he feels he is entitled to a little more clearance. Indeed, watching two Khans go at each other in a prolonged rally for a big point in a tight match is something like watching the speeded-up film of an old Keystone Cops sequence, the two wraiths darting in and out of the corners and making a succession of acrobatic "gets," each one more fantastic than the one before, as the tempo of their movements and their strokes keeps mounting until the action becomes almost a blur. I have seen few things in sport that can compare with it for sheer velocity and excitement.

ONLY two of the four Khans, unfortunately, were on hand for the 1964 U.S. Open, which was held the first week in January on the excellent courts of the Buffalo Tennis and Squash Club. Mohibullah went over from Boston for it, and Hashim from Detroit, where for the last three years he has been the professional at the Uptown Athletic Club. Hiring Hashim was largely the doing of Arthur B. Sonneborn, a retired electrical engineer, who is one of the directors of the U.A.C. and, I should guess, Hashim's closest American friend. The arrangement has worked out very nicely. The old champion is treated as if he were a member of the club, and he likes that. He is flattered by the number of enthusiasts who travel hundreds of miles to take lessons from him. (One man from Ontario, who had his heart set on winning the Canadian Amateur and who felt that Hashim's coaching could do it for him, used to sneak into Detroit incognito, so that his rivals would not know what he was up to, and take two two-hour lessons in a day. He won the championship, too.) Accepting the Detroit job was not easy for Hashim, for it meant being separated from his wife and their ten children. However, his four oldest boys are now in boarding school in England anyway, and Sonneborn is planning to bring the rest of the family here from Peshawar this year. In Detroit, Hashim lives in a small apartment. He dines out periodically with American or Pakistani friends, but generally he does his own cooking at home. He sticks for the most part to thick-sauced curries of rice and either chicken, lamb, or beef fried in butter, scooping them up with a pan-fried bread called *paratha*. (This diet, in-

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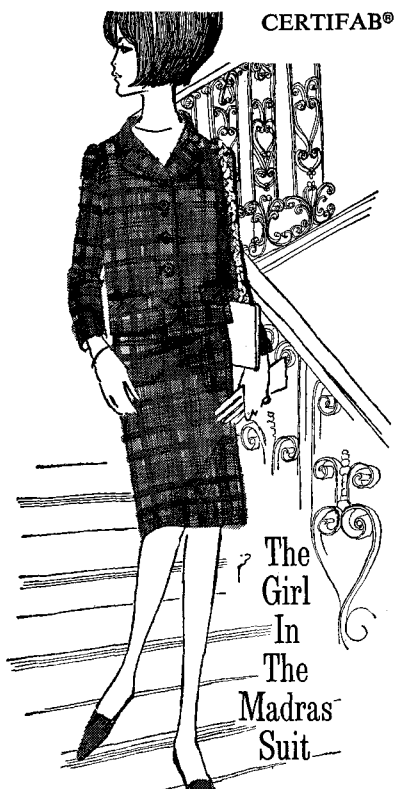


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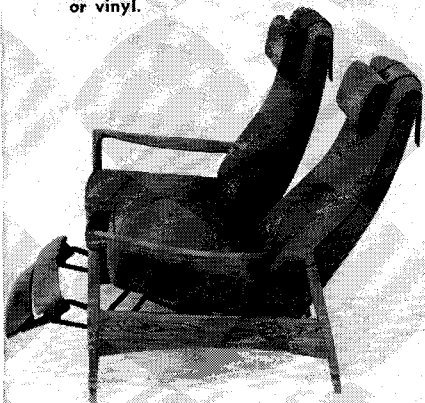
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terestingly, clashes head on with Satchel Paige's famous health tip "Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood.") Still in vigilant training, Hashim regularly goes to bed after catching the eleven-o'clock news, and sleeps until eight-thirty or nine. His friends say he sleeps like a log, never waking until his alarm goes off.

At Buffalo, Hashim ran through his first two matches without difficulty to reach the semifinal round. He did not look as sharp as he had in last year's Open, though, and his forehead, I noticed, began to glisten with sweat early in each match. When I mentioned this to Sonneborn, he explained that Hashim had been trying to shake a heavy cold for a week. I asked Hashim about it after he had finished his second, or quarter-final, match, on Saturday morning, and he said quietly, "I am not playing well. I think I take too much medicine for my cold. It is not my age that make me slow. Three weeks ago, when I win the Canadian Open, I beat Salaun in five games in the morning and then I beat Mohibullah in five games for the championship. I run to shower. I run to taxi. I run to plane. This week, not so good." We had not been talking long when Sonneborn broke in. "Didn't I tell you, Hashim, to get back to the hotel and get some sleep?" he growled amiably. Hashim smiled and excused himself.

On Saturday afternoon, in his semifinal match—with Vic Niederhoffer, a gifted, if sometimes exasperating, Harvard undergraduate—Hashim was pushed to five games. On Sunday morning, he met Mohibullah in the final, which was played before a gallery of two hundred enthusiasts packed tight in temporary bleachers erected above and behind the back wall of the court. Mohibullah, a sturdy, curly-haired young man of about five feet seven, had marched through his preliminary matches without dropping a game and without being really pressed at any time. Four months of playing American squash at his Boston club had obviously improved his game in nearly every respect. He had developed, among other things, a wonderful touch off the side walls, playing, from deep in the court, absolutely perfect shots that ricocheted off the side walls and dropped like sponges off the front wall after hitting it only an inch or two above the telltale. He had never looked faster. While Hashim is known for his ability to rise to the occasion, the consensus was that Mohibullah would probably take him in the final. He did, in straight games, 15-10, 18-13, 15-12. Except for a few purple passages by Hashim, the

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younger man was in command all the way. He was a deserving and popular winner, but it was not amiss that at the presentation ceremony the dethroned champion received a standing ovation that lasted nearly a minute.

I RODE out to the Buffalo airport in a cab with Hashim, Ned Bigelow, and Harvey Barcus, a Detroit newspaperman who had covered the Open.

"Well, Hashim, I'm sorry you didn't win," Bigelow said, after some general conversation about the tournament. "Mohibullah is tough, though, and he was in great form today."

"Mohibullah played very well, very well," Hashim agreed. "I do not make excuses, but I did not play well, for me, with this cold, I think. I cannot hit the ball hard enough. You saw, Mohibullah makes me run, up and down, all over. He controls the game, not me."

"My goodness, Hashim!" Barcus exclaimed. "You've got to remember you're forty-nine!"

Bigelow began to laugh. "Forty-nine going on fifty-seven—that's more like it," he said. "Last time I was over in Pakistan, Hashim, I tried to find out how old you really are. The only thing is, they don't have any birth certificate for you, no records at all. I say you're fifty-six. But, to be serious, Hashim, I think you should stop playing tournament squash. At your age, it can be dangerous, the way you go at it. I really think you ought to retire. You've earned it."

Hashim's answer was an oblique reference to how well he had felt during the Canadian Open in December, when he played five games against Salaun and, two hours and a half later, five games against Mohibullah.

"I still believe you should think about retiring," Bigelow persisted, slapping Hashim on the knee. "You should not play in the Open next year."

There was a fairly long silence before Hashim replied. "If I feel bad like this week," he said slowly, his eyes focussed straight ahead on the highway, "maybe I do not enter the Open next year. If I feel good like in Canada, I enter, I think." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

The people will have a chance Mr. Rockefeller said, to decide within the next year whether Mr. Johnson was bing "hostoric or merely histornic" in his appearance earlier this week before a joint session of Congress.

—Albany Knickerbocker News.

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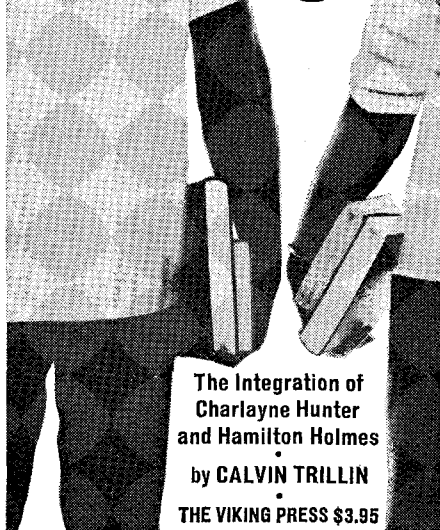
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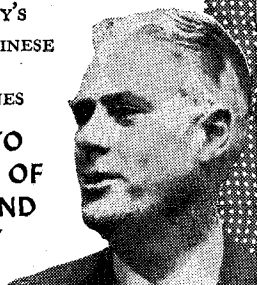
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BELMARCH: A LEGEND OF THE FIRST CRUSADE, by Christopher Davis (Viking). Belmarch, a French knight, has helped slaughter the Jews of Mainz in one of the pogroms that marked the progress of the First Crusade through Europe to the Holy Land in 1096. The horror of his deeds half crazes him, and, in a state of shock, he wanders the Rhineland accompanied by a Jew—one of the few survivors—who looks after him and prevents him from committing suicide. Mr. Davis's prose has a steady, evocative power, even though his book teems with perplexing persons, objects, and events that may be symbolic. The novel undoubtedly has a purpose beyond creating, as it does, an extraordinarily effective tapestry nightmare, for its plot requires the massacre to happen twice, even to Belmarch's killing of his Jew's child. This may be a message about man's inhumanity to man, or, possibly, a warning not to trust the *goyim*.

THE DEVIL'S CHAPEL, by Laurence Lafore (Doubleday). A witless tale of bored suburban matrons, gangsters, and Black Masses, set in a swanky upper-class community near Philadelphia. The characters, who include a new young parson of excessive good will, are unlikely, and the writing is impeded by the author's persistent attempts at humor.

GENERAL

HENRY OF NAVARRE, by Hesketh Pearson (Harper & Row). An affectionate biography of Henry IV (1553-1610), the supremely rational apostate who unified France after half a century of civil war and became its first Bourbon king. Mr. Pearson makes no secret of his fondness for his subject, giving him "an even temper, a constant gaiety, a never-failing toleration, a light-hearted courage, an honesty of purpose, and a thoroughly unfashionable humanity," and a spectrum of accomplishments ranging from military, political, and economic triumphs to the satisfaction of sixty-odd mistresses, but he also makes no secret of his reasons, and the evidence he offers inspires in us an enthusiasm that is at least the equal of his own. Henry's example has not, however, entirely softened Mr. Pearson's tongue, and his characteristic dry-

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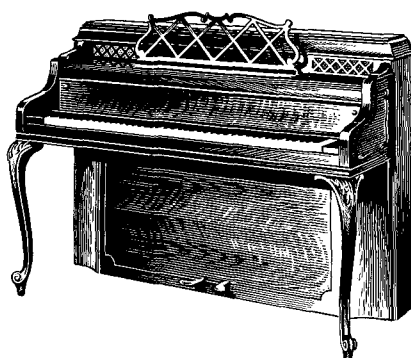
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ness is still pleasantly abundant: "Biron . . . was led to the scaffold where, according to those historians who have never been threatened with decapitation, he displayed a pusillanimity unworthy of a brave soldier." Illustrated with portraits and an end-paper map.

NELSON'S DEAR LORD: A PORTRAIT OF ST. VINCENT, by Evelyn Berckman (St. Martin's). A fine biographical gossip about an engaging hero—John Jervis (1735-1823), Earl of St. Vincent, a brilliant, level-headed naval officer (ultimately Admiral of the Fleet) whose management of ships and leadership of men (he pretty much made Nelson) helped Britain through some difficult years at sea. Miss Berckman is fascinated by St. Vincent's remarkable combination of qualities—he was kind, yet he could discipline; he was a topnotch administrator and a daring fighter, too. What she describes, one recognizes, is the quintessential high-command personality—imaginative, practical, and radiating a modest, virile sort of glamour.

THE PARTY OF HUMANITY, by Peter Gay (Knopf). In the nine pieces in this volume, Professor Gay, one way or another, is working toward a definition of that much disputed historical phenomenon, the French Enlightenment. He deals at some length with two of its figures, Voltaire and Rousseau; discusses matters like the relation of the ideals of the Enlightenment to the language of French revolutionary politicians; and argues with other scholars' interpretations. Mr. Gay is an exceptionally sensible historian in his insistence on figuring out first of all what it was like then. The pith, wit, and grace of the great French prose stylists he has been studying have doubtless helped him achieve his own lucid, lovely style.

MORALITY AND BEYOND, by Paul Tillich (Harper & Row). This slim but dense entry in the Religious Perspectives series consists of three lectures delivered by Professor Tillich at Dartmouth and two chapters lifted from an earlier book. Morality is defined as obedience to an unconditional imperative—"the demand to become actually what one is essentially and therefore potentially." Our "essential nature" is equated with our "created nature," though Divine Creation seems to be understood as little more than a metaphor. The myth of the Fall, by which traditional Christianity explained Man's estrangement from his created nature, Tillich rather in-



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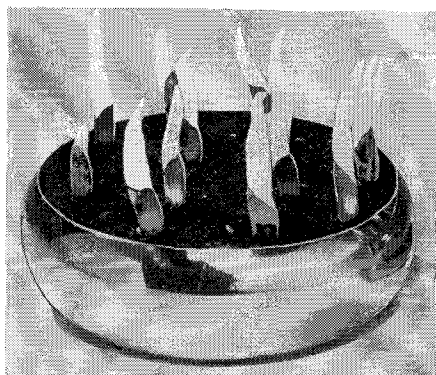
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dividually reads to mean that Adam had lost innocence *before* the temptation of Jehovah's prohibition, and already stood on a boundary of "desire" between guilt and innocence. Moral law, though valuable as cumulative wisdom and as an inculcator of moral habit, is inferior to love, "the urge for participation in the other one," which is "the ultimate principle of moral demands." Only love, particularly in the form of self-transcending *agape*, "can transform itself according to the concrete demands of every individual and social situation without losing its eternity and dignity." Tillich carries forward this somewhat diagrammatic exposition with admirable firmness. The last two chapters, which discuss ethical systems in the context of history, are especially brilliant. Yet the net effect is one of ambiguity, even futility—as if the theologian were trying to revivify the Christian corpse with transfusions of Greek humanism, German metaphysics, and psychoanalytical theory. Terms like "grace" and "Will of God" walk through these pages as bloodless ghosts, transparent against the milky background of "beyond" and "being" that Tillich, God forbid, would confuse with the Christian faith.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE MODERN, by Stephen Spender (California). In this ambitious, successful work of descriptive, as opposed to dogmatic, criticism, Mr. Spender renders an account of artists who, confronting—and, by and large, not liking—the world after the Industrial Revolution, have nonetheless attempted to cope in their work with its novelty. Some have sought continuity with old traditions; others have tried to invent new ones; still others have tried to reflect, in new forms or new uses of language, the disjunction between the present they perceive and the past as they understand it. Though Spender deals mostly with English and American poetry, he makes some useful excursions into prose and painting, and glances at European work, too. His book and his style are very free, possibly because he is taking such a large view—appreciating contemporaries like Lawrence and Joyce, for instance, who didn't appreciate each other.

NORMAN THOMAS, by Harry Fleischman (Norton). An efficient, plain-spoken, touching biography of Norman Thomas, America's leading Socialist. Since Mr. Thomas, for all

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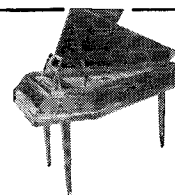
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his modest doubts and excellent jokes, has led a life of high-principled public activity, he confronts a biographer with a difficult literary problem: too much insistence on Mr. Thomas's determination to do good would be likely to embarrass nearly everybody, starting with Mr. Thomas himself. Mr. Fleischman, an old friend, admirer, campaign manager, and Socialist co-worker, avoids this special pitfall. What's more, he tells the story neatly.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GIDEON'S VOTE, by J. J. Marrie (Harper & Row). George Gideon's tumultuous life as Commander of New Scotland Yard is complicated by the approach of a general election, is further complicated by the unpredictable temper of some patriotic but overactive ban-the-bomb groups, and is still further complicated when he, old solid-as-a-rock Gideon, is ordered by his superiors to take a two-week holiday because his temper has grown so short. This is not the most impressive of the consistently first-rate Gideon series, but J. J. Marrie's skill as a manipulator is wonderful to observe, and, thanks to the petty criminals—the "ordinary" ones—who happen in and out of this London panorama, the story is full of suspense from beginning to end.

THE CHILL, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf). An entertainment of almost Byzantine complexity in which practically nothing is as the facts would seem to proclaim it. It is set, as is Mr. Macdonald's custom, among the monolithic unrealities of southern California, and it has as its protagonist (or nemesis) his highly satisfactory private investigator, Lew Archer. It opens gently with a search for a runaway bride, but its subject, as the title makes clear, is death.

THE GRAVEYARD ROLLS, by Maurice Procter (Harper & Row). A new homicidal conundrum—involving, this time, the economic upper crust—in the English Midlands city that the author calls Granchester. The facts as pieced together by Chief Inspector Martineau are only moderately diverting, but it is always a pleasure to watch that brilliant plodder at work. It might be added that the underworld, though only briefly present, is represented by such reliables as Dixie Costello, Ned Higgs, and the Dog.

THE DECAYED GENTLEWOMAN, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday). This amiable mystery tale, set in England

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and Scotland, revolves around the theft of an old painting that nobody ever thought much of until all of a sudden everybody wants it. The hero of the piece, a large, simple-minded young university lecturer named Colin Lockie, is thrust into the role of detective without warning and accepts it without enthusiasm, but his companion, a fairly pretty, fairly bright young woman called Ginny, propels him doggedly along from clue to clue until they both come to a full stop, ending the book. The atmosphere is agreeable, mixing shady auction rooms with big homemade teas in seriously domestic surroundings.

THE FIFTH WOMAN, by M. Fagyas (Doubleday). Detective Inspector Lajos Nemetz, a Hungarian counterpart of Inspector Maigret, moves inexorably through the bloody and abortive Budapest revolt of 1956 in search of the man or woman who shot the wife of a prominent surgeon and dumped her body on a pile of Russian-tank victims. The crime, like the setting, turns out to be a most uncommon one, and since the author also takes a good deal of care with Inspector Nemetz and the people who cross his path, the result is a *roman policier* of high and unusual quality.

DEATH OF A PAINTED LADY, by Brian Cleeve (Random House). A very pretty Dublin lady, whose reputation is so light that it may be called nonexistent, gets herself murdered on New Year's Eve, and the Irish capital is set volubly agog by the scandal. The scene of the crime is an art gallery; there is a leisurely police investigation, decorated with witnesses who are mostly too shocked or too drunk to make much sense; and the atmosphere is new and entertaining.

In Tuesday's *Newsday*, what was intended as the last paragraph of an article by Dr. Sheldon Weiss supporting fluoridation appeared, instead, as the first paragraph of an article by Dr. A. A. London opposing fluoridation. Although the main import of these two significant articles remained intact, *Newsday* regrets the error.

—*Newsday*.

Almost, you might say, a masterly error.

THIS CHANGING WORLD
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